Saturday Review

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Station		Day	Time	Starting Date
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WHA,	Madison, Wis.	Sun.	3:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WDUQ,	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Sun.	8:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WAER,	Syracuse, N. Y.	Sun.	8:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WILL,	Urbana, Ill.	Sun.	3:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WKAR,	East Lansing, Mich.	Sun.	2:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WOSU,	Columbus, Ohio	Sun.	6:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WIPR,	San Juan, Puerto Rico	Sun.	8:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WUOA,	University, Ala.	Sun.	8:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
KANU,	Lawrence, Kansas	Sun.	7:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WSOU,	South Orange, N. J.	Sun.	7:30 p.m.	Sept. 14
KUSC,	Los Angeles, Cal.	Sun.	7:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WGBH,	Boston, Mass.	Sun.	5:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WBUR,	Boston, Mass.	Sun.	5:00 p.m.	Sept. 14
WBAA,	Lafayette, Ind.	Mon.	2:30 p.m.	Sept. 15
WFIU,	Bloomington, Ind.	Mon.	7:30 p.m.	Sept. 15
WOI,	Ames, Iowa	Mon.	1:00 p.m.	Sept. 15
WMCR,	Kalamazoo, Mich.	Mon.	7:30 p.m.	Sept. 15
KANW,	Albuquerque, N. M.	Mon.	12:00 noon	Sept. 22
KBPS,	Portland, Ore.	Mon.	8:00 p.m.	Sept. 29
KWSC,	Pullman, Wash.	Tues.	7:30 p.m.	Sept. 16
WNAD,	Norman, Okla.	Tues.	4:45 p.m.	Sept. 16
WBKY,	Lexington, Ky.	Tues.	7:30 p.m.	Sept. 16
KUOM,	Minneapolis, Minn.	Tues.	1:30 p.m.	Sept. 16
KUSD,	Vermillion, S. D.	Tues.	10:30 a.m.	Sept. 16
KOAC,	Corvallis, Ore.	Wed.	6:30 p.m.	Sept. 17
KCVN,	Stockton, Cal.	Wed.	7:30 p.m.	Sept. 17
WDTR,	Detroit, Mich.	Wed.	9:45 a.m.	Sept. 17
WSUI,	Iowa City, Iowa	Wed.	11:30 a.m.	Sept. 17
WFUV,	New York, N. Y.	Thurs.	11:00 a.m.	Sept. 25
KSLH,	St. Louis, Mo.	Thurs.	2:30 p.m.	Oct. 2
KUOW,	Seattle, Wash.	Thurs.	8:00 p.m.	Oct. 9
WFPL,	Louisville, Ky.			Week of Sept. 14
WUOT,	Nashville, Tenn.			Week of Sept. 28
WNUR,	Evanston, Ill.			Week of Oct. 12
WUNC,	Chapel Hill, N. C.			After Nov. 15
WDET,	Detroit, Mich.	Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Sept. 20
WATC,	Indianapolis, Ind.	Sun.	11:00 a.m.	Oct. 5

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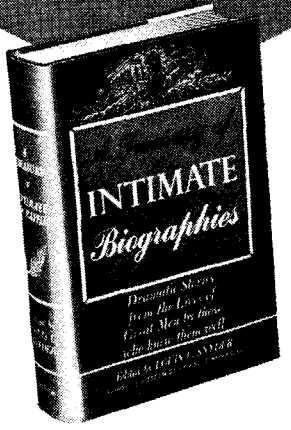

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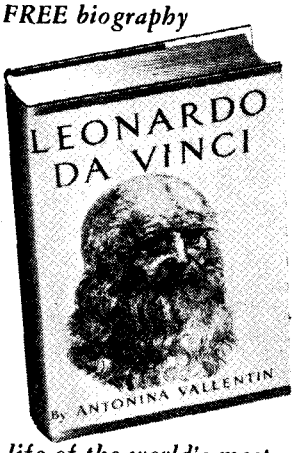

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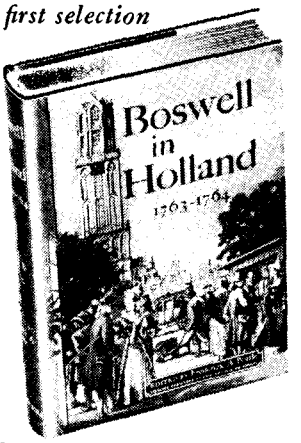

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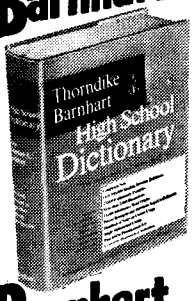

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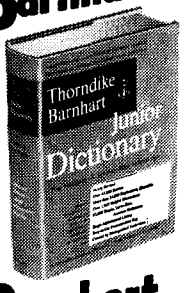

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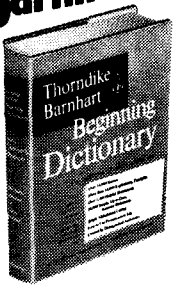

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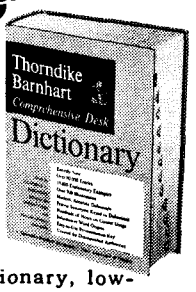

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 13, 1952

SR/EDUCATION

AN EDUCATOR'S BALANCE-SHEET, by Claude M. Fuess....11
FOUNDATIONS: PAST AND PRESENT, by Sloan Wilson....13
FOUNDATIONS: OPPORTUNITIES, by Clarence H. Faust....13
EDUCATION 1952-53: A NEWSCAST, by Fred M. Hechinger....15
THE WORLD FLOODS INTO IOWA, by Robert Lewis Shayon....16
WHAT IS PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION? by Carleton Washburne
MIND, SCHOOL, AND CIVILIZATION, by John Macdonald
Reviewed by John S. Brubacher....17
PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION, by William Heard Kilpatrick
WILLIAM HEARD KILPATRICK, by Samuel Tenenbaum
Reviewed by Ernest O. Melby....18
EDUCATION AND AMERICAN CIVILIZATION, by George S. Counts
THE SCHOOLS AND NATIONAL SECURITY, edited by Charles W. Sanford, *et al.*
Reviewed by Edgar W. Knight....19
GENERAL EDUCATION IN ACTION, by Lamar Johnson
GENERAL EDUCATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, by John P. Wynne
Reviewed by H. T. Morse....20
NEW DIRECTIONS FOR AMERICAN FOUNDATIONS: An Editorial....24
WORKERS' EDUCATION AT THE UNIVERSITY LEVEL, by Irvine L. H. Kerrison
Reviewed by Theodore Brameld....36
IN SEARCH OF SELF, by Arthur T. Jersild
Reviewed by Bonaro W. Overstreet....37

SR/BOOKS

YOU, THE JURY, by Mary Borden
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby....21
THE MAN ON A DONKEY, by H. F. M. Prescott
Reviewed by Thomas Caldecot Chubb....22
HEADLAND, by George Troy
Reviewed by Charles Lee....23
THE DIARY OF GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG, edited by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas
Reviewed by George Dangerfield....26
JOHN COLTER, by Burton Harris
Reviewed by Richard L. Neuberger....27
THE SCORPIONS OF POWER: An Essay-review of William L. Shirer's "Midcentury Journey," by Quincy Howe....29

SR/DEPARTMENTS

TRADE WINDS, by Laura Z. Hobson....6
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR....25
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes....32
TV AND RADIO, by Goodman Ace....33
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Roland Gelatt....34
MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin....35
THE CRIMINAL RECORD....40
LITERARY CRYPT....42
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton....48
IDEAS ON FILM, by Cecile Starr....50
LITERARY I.Q....52
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 964....59

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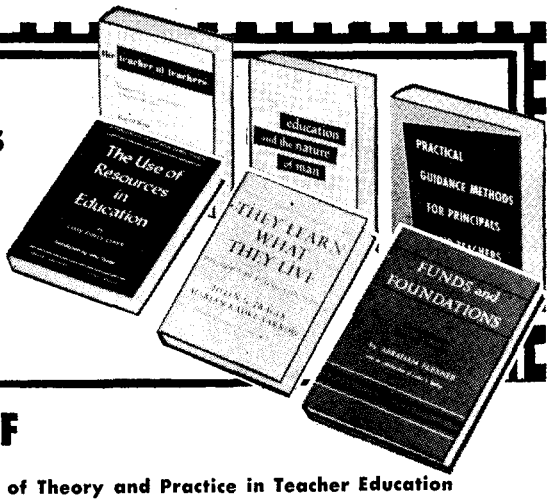
Good News

▶ On July 17, President Truman signed H. R. 3589, enacted by the Eighty-Second Congress in the closing days of the recent session. This legislation, Public Law No. 575, which takes effect on January 1, 1953, amends the copyright law by extending performing and recording rights to authors and proprietors of nondramatic literary works. The right of performance is subject to the limitation that it must be for profit. Under the terms of the new law, such works as poems, short stories, magazine articles, and novels will, after January 1, be protected when they are performed in public for profit in the same manner as lectures and sermons are now protected. In addition, all of these categories of nondramatic literary works will be protected when they are recorded, for example, on phonograph records, in the same way that musical compositions are now protected. This revision, therefore, fills a gap in the copyright law caused by the development of improved technical devices and will correct an inequity to authors and proprietors of such literary works.

▶ In Soledad, California, 700 of the 1,338 prisoners in the State Prison, scene of recent rioting, donated blood for Korean war wounded. Red Cross officials called the response "overwhelming."

▶ Books which were "burned" or "banned" in Germany and Austria will be replaced through the CIO's Gift Stamp Program. The union has produced a special leaflet announcing the program and appealing for support from union members. Workers are being urged to launch information programs on the United Nations and UNESCO in connection with local campaigns for the sale of stamps.

▶ Second-hand booksellers in Paris recently founded an unusual literary prize which they will award next April. Announcing it, they explain that its purpose is "to attract the attention of readers in general—and idlers on the quays of the Seine in particular—to a worthy book which escaped the vigilance of literary critics and books' selection committees," and has wound up on a second-hand bookstall, probably before ending its days among old papers at the pulp mill. There are only two conditions attached to the award. The work, of any type, must have been published in French and its author must not have already received a literary prize.



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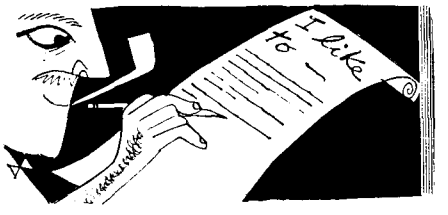
TRADE Winds

WITH EVERYBODY SPEWING FORTH interpretations of the secret meanings of "The Old Man and the Sea," and with Hemingway refusing to help out, it begins to look as though you take your own choice in the parable-and-allegory sweepstakes. My preference, as of now, goes to the one given me by a certain Spanish-American psychoanalyst, who is never bookish about books nor idiotic about the *id*. "In this new novel," he states firmly, "Ernest Hemingway is symbolizing his fight with the critics over his last book. The big fish is the big novel that Hemingway has been after for years; the good courageous old man is Hemingway himself; the sharks are the critics that tear flesh from bone and leave the bloody but brave fisherman no more than a skeleton to show for his agonies. The adoring young boy, of course, is John O'Hara, telling the world that Hemingway's only competitor in the entire history of literature was Shakespeare."

Psychoanalysis and parables aside, and off-year novels as well, most people will agree that "The Old Man and the Sea" is Hemingway's finest work in twenty years or so, his most gripping, his finest storytelling. It's like a Bach fugue; it's like architecture. And with everybody so recently polishing him off, either mournfully or gleefully, it now makes you feel good to have this, his answer.

WHEN FAMOUS MEN'S WIVES write magazine articles about their spouses, the pieces usually end up about as bland and startling as Jello. But Mary Welch Hemingway apparently doesn't know that that's all anybody expects. She has just turned into *Today's Woman* a 2,500-word piece which will start a new series to be called "The Man I Married." If any of the ensuing articles by Mrs. James Thurber, Mrs. Mario



Lanza, Mrs. Richard Rodgers, Mrs. Dale Carnegie, Mrs. Eddie Cantor, Mrs. Leonard Lyons, and the like—if even a couple more of these turn out the way Mrs. Hemingway's did, then the magazine's bright young editor, Julian Bach, Jr., will have reason to feel fairly set up about the liveliness of his editorial notions.

Mary Hemingway, for instance, asked the man *she* married to write down "a list of things he likes to do beside reading and talking, and he put down many that would not have occurred to me . . . throwing snowballs

at barges on the Seine and helping me make angels in the snow of the Jardin de Tuileries; living at Torcello, an almost abandoned island near Venice; eating at Pirelli's in Genoa; me giving a party for the Third Class passengers on our boat to Europe; shooting pigeons in Cuba or pheasants in Idaho or ducks in Venetto; sleeping in a cold climate where we can sleep close together."

Hemingway is a reader-alouder, it appears. "When we have the time and the tranquility, Ernest reads aloud to me in bed. He reads Shakespeare's Sonnets, or Baudelaire's 'Les Fleurs du Mal,' or Harry Leon Wilson's 'Ruggles of Red Gap.'" His own reading, the not-read-aloud-in-bed-kind, includes, as of the moment of finishing her article, Ivan Ray Tannehill's book on hurricanes; an essay by Edmund Wilson on Henry James; Proust; a history of the United States (not specified), and a book about clouds.

IS THERE ANY ARGUMENT that Katherine Anne Porter is one of the subtlest, most skilful of American writers? Even people who haven't read her assume a knowing and laudatory mien when her name is mentioned, as if accepting a reputation too firmly established to need checking upon by the likes of *them*.

The astonishing thing about so large a renown is that it is based on what, by ordinary standards, is a small body of work. In 1930 her first collection of stories appeared, "Flowering Judas"; nine years later three short novels appeared in "Pale Horse, Pale Rider"; and in 1944 another story collection was published, "The Leaning Tower." Now eight more years have gone by before a new volume by Katherine Anne Porter appears in the bookstores, and this one is different from all the others, in every aspect except

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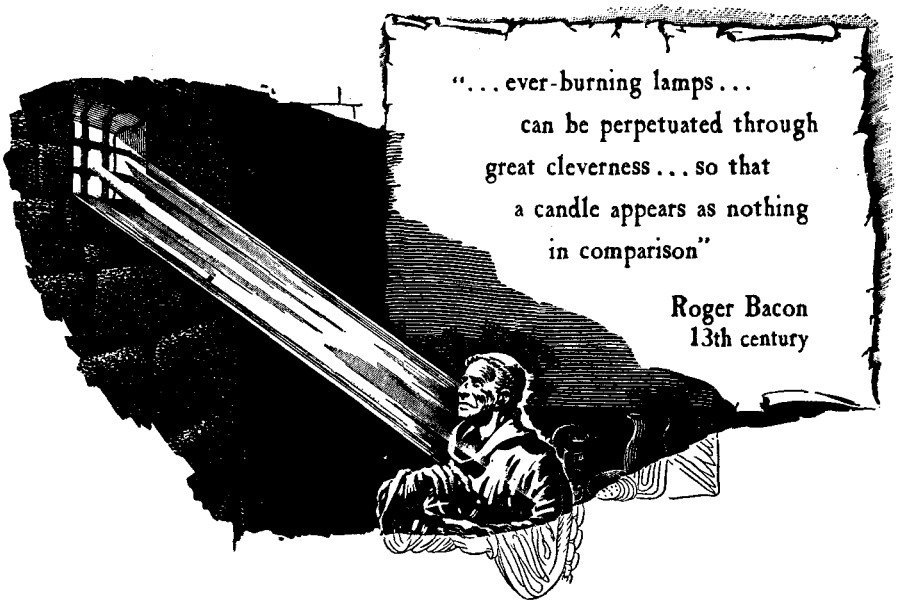

Dear Roger:

We have yours of the year 1267 in front of us, and we have good news for you.

Remember how you predicted the "ever-burning lamp"? And spent a little jail time for this and other such sorcerer's ideas?

Well, you were right after all. A man named Edison along about 1879 made a lamp that burned day and night and didn't need any oil, either.

Only trouble was, the lamp was an expensive thing, and power facilities were limited. Few people had money enough to buy lamps. Even three years after the invention, there were only 59 customers.

Those days, a man would have had to dig in his pocket for $5 to pay for light a fellow now takes home for 15¢. This lamp thing is about thirty times as cheap today.

A group of men with scientific, questing minds like yours, Roger, got together, calling themselves "General Electric," and after a few years' work and much money spent, had your lamp so millions of people could afford it.

Here are the figures for an ordinary size lamp:

Date	*List Price*	*Light Output (lumens)*
1880	$1.00	170
1914	.45	552
1929	.22	690
1952	.14 *(plus tax)*	835

See how the light increases and the price goes down? That took some doing, Roger, more especially nowadays when everything a man buys seems to cost more, not less.

We're still "inventing the lamp" at General Electric. Lamps and a few thousand other things that would have delighted you.

Nobody can read in advance the pages of tomorrow's newspaper, or next year's. But we believe this. Research and engineering will continue to make life easier for more people.

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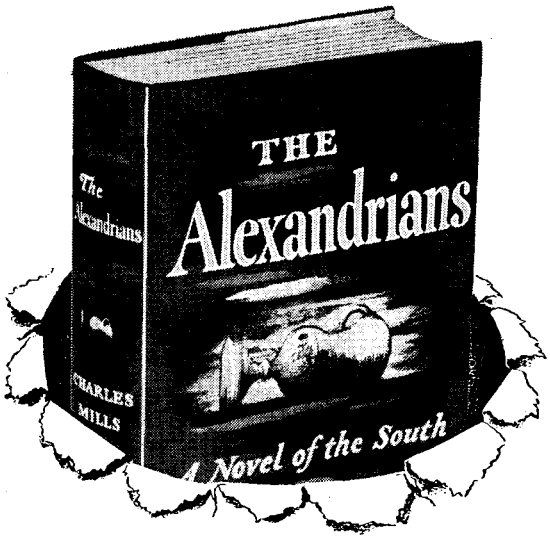

A Tribute to
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"A monumental work of fiction, in quantity, depth, and scope. It is the study of a family, a town, a region — of evolving ideologies throughout a century. The romantic slavocracy, moonlight and magnolias, of masculine gallantry and feminine beauty, slowly but inevitably yields place to a new regime, of expanding democracy, social leveling, and economic struggle.

"The author has the rare Balzacian gift of duplex genius: of depicting a civilization in mass; and at the same time disengaging a great number of individuals from the mass and delineating their characteristic traits and features in sharp definition. Mills belongs to the panoramic, sociologic school of Balzac, Zola, and Proust — of the *Comédie Humaine,* the Rougou-Macquart family, the *Remembrance of Things Past* in a great but dissolving society.

"The style is individual, impressive, somehow aloof — the voice of the prophet, the soothsayer. The work is gripping, memorable and deeply strange, as is all great art. This novel bids fair to herald a new era of the writing of fiction in the South. It begins where Thomas Nelson Page, Stark Young, and Margaret Mitchell leave off. In some respects Mills may be thought of as belonging to the school of Ellen Glasgow and William Faulkner. His greatest distinction is that he defies classification. He constitutes his own school."—*ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Chapel Hill, N. C.

*Man-of-letters, mathematician, biographer of Mark Twain and of George Bernard Shaw.

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subtlety and skill. For this is non-fiction.

"The Days Before," coming next month from Harcourt, Brace, is a selection from thirty years of Miss Porter's writing about ideas, experiences, beliefs; it is about places and politics and the work of people like Henry James and Gertrude Stein and Virginia Woolf, Willa Cather and Eudora Welty, and from the impregnable position of one who has not seen an advance copy, it is nice to feel safe about predicting that it will be a book for thoughtful readers, and thoughtful reading, and good talk afterwards.

It's irresistible, right here, to quote one Porter paragraph which I came upon in William L. Shirer's new book, "Midcentury Journey." It tells much about the comparative rarity of Miss Porter's publication dates and the comparative rarity of Miss Porter. It comes from the introduction she wrote, three days after the fall of France in 1940, for the Modern Library edition of "Flowering Judas."

"We none of us flourished in those times, artists or not, for art, like the human life of which it is the truest voice, thrives best by daylight in a green and growing world. For myself, and I was not alone, all the conscious and recollected years of my life have been lived to this day under the heavy threat of world catastrophe, and most of the energies of my mind and spirit have been spent in the effort to grasp the meaning of those threats, to trace them to their sources and to understand the logic of this majestic and terrible failure of the life of man in the Western World."

IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG FALL for book readers, and not only in Texas where advances — and cries of pain — are mounting skyhigh for Edna Ferber's "Giant," but also for "Sironia, Texas," coming a couple of weeks later. This is that physical giant of a manuscript you heard about, 2,864 pages, 840,000 words, all written by one man, Madison Cooper of, yes, Texas. Waco, Texas.

According to Houghton Mifflin, "Sironia, Texas" is the longest novel ever to be published in America, and I guess they hadn't forgotten "Anthony Adverse," "Gone with the Wind," or "Look Homeward, Angel," when they measured. It's so big, anyway, that it is coming in two volumes, at $10.00; also in a special $15.00 Texas edition, with "edges of purest gold . . . or better." Texans, please note: That phrase is, properly, in quotation marks. It comes from H. M., not from TRADE WINDS.

"GRAHAM GREENE, PLEASURE HATER" is the title of a fascinating little essay

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by Douglas Jerrold, editor, author (eleven books), and chairman of the British publishers Eyre & Spottiswoode, where Mr. Greene worked for a time after the war. Part profile, part criticism, the piece first appeared in the *Picture Post* of London, where I did not see it, and then last month in *Harper's*, where I did.

If you have always thought of Graham Greene as a man deeply concerned with religious matters, with sin and evil and death and judgment, then this piece may jolt you by adding another side to that coin. For, it appears, that although the above is true, Mr. Greene also is a far more mundane character than strangers might suspect. "He is, and he does not wish you to know it, an absolutely first-class man of business. . . . When he was a publisher, he always came in . . . very early in the morning, and always, for the first moment or so, in his favorite pose (rather seedy, his favorite adjective) . . . of a man who had not been particularly early to bed and might leave again at any moment to get rid of his hangover. . . . Then he would settle down to the serious business of the day, telephoning with rapid succession to his bank, to his stockbroker, to his insurance agent, to his literary agent, to a film company or two, and, if it was really a busy morning, to two or three editors.

During these conversations, the tortured conscience so frequently and so movingly on exhibition in his novels, was notably absent . . ."

The piece goes on with dozens of other revelations about "the world's greatest master of the art of being bored without being boring." Mr. Jerrold says that Graham Greene can scarcely bring himself to enjoy life simply. "His club must be what he calls 'the seedy club'; if he goes to a party, it must be 'simply appalling' or 'perfectly ghastly'; even a quiet cocktail with two or three friends becomes, on leaving, 'a dreary little drink'."

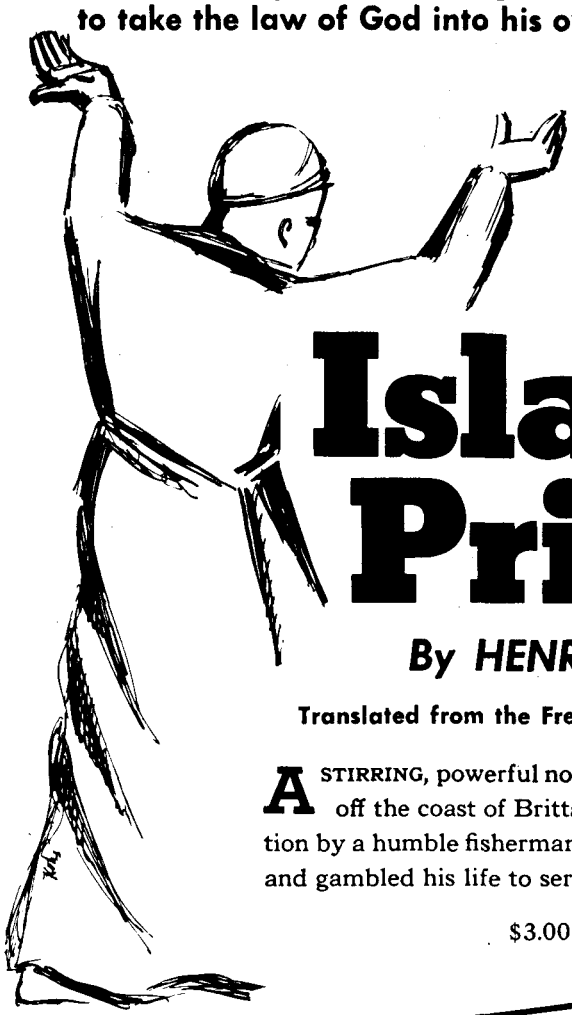
One thing is sure: This is not a dreary little article that Douglas Jerrold wrote. Free suggestion to Viking Press, Mr. Greene's American publishers: Why not make a deal to reprint it as a preface to some future collected edition of Graham Greene's works?

—Laura Z. Hobson.

The sheer, naked drama of men

- condemned as outlaws
- spurned by their church
- hated by their countrymen

until one simple man among them presumed to take the law of God into his own hands



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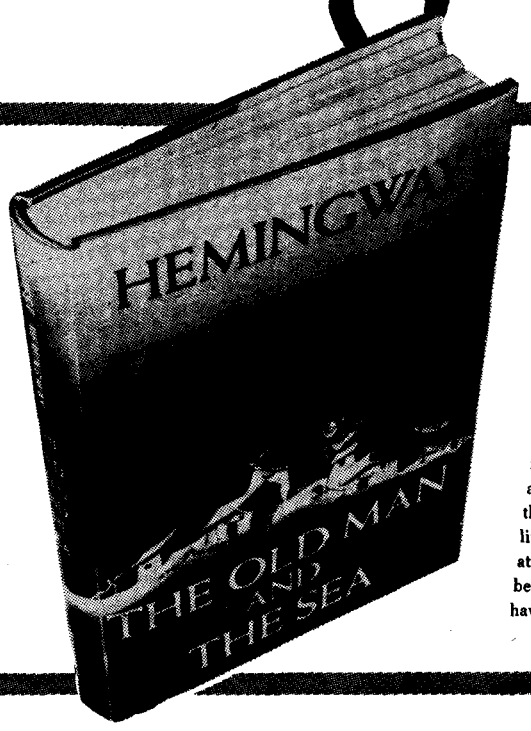
Hemingway



When a writer of world stature looks beyond the conventional forms, improvising in effect his own new mode for a theme in fiction, the result sometimes is world literature. In that way some of the great classics have come into being; each one is like no other, each one is creation in the truest sense, and each sets a new pattern for generations of followers. In THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA a new classic emerges, a great book that is like no other. Shorter than the accepted novel, longer than what has come to be called the long story, THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA cannot be classified, for it writes its own law in literature. It is simple, compelling, magnificent. Every word is right; not one word more is needed, and there should assuredly be no less, for the result is art.

One cannot hope to explain why the reading of this book is so profound an experience. Developed to its own perfect length, it can be read in an evening. At the end you have known a hero, an old man who embodies the essential nobility in human striving; you have known another veritable hero, a giant fish who is the embodiment of what is noble in animate nature; for three days you have known another presence, vast, pervading but inanimate, the world of the Gulf Stream. You have lived a great tragedy, but a tragedy which, at the last, emerges without grief into beauty. And you are likely to feel that you have been changed by what you have read.

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The Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 13, 1952

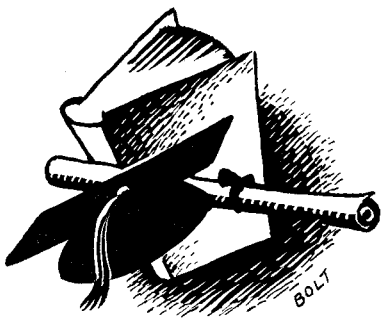
An Educator's Balance-Sheet

CLAUDE M. FUESS

—Bachrach.
Claude M. Fuess

IN his "Notes Toward the Definition of Culture," T. S. Eliot, surveying the first half of the twentieth century in these United States, summarizes his conclusions as follows: "We can assert with some confidence that our own period is one of decline; that the standards of culture are lower than they were fifty years ago; and that the evidences of this decline are visible in every department of human activity." This is a dogmatic, comprehensive, and discouraging indictment, especially to those whose post-adolescent careers, like mine, have covered almost exactly this allegedly decadent segment of time. It is a trifle difficult to see how Mr. Eliot can substantiate these obiter dicta so far as preventative medicine, surgery, sanitation, and communications are concerned except by maintaining that these are not departments of human activity. But education, on any level, is assuredly such a "department," and I am therefore compelled to consider, thoughtfully and candidly whether, with the best of intentions as a schoolmaster, I have been the ally, perhaps the unconscious agent, of deterioration and decay. Everybody knows that there have been changes since 1901, but has there been any real change? Has there been advance, or just ebb and flow, or possible retrogression?

The half century under discussion has been in the independent schools—and it is these alone that I am considering—unquestionably a period of experimentation, with little tendency, except on the part of a few isolated "die-hards," to cling like a leech to tradition or to emulate Walter de la Mare's Old Jim Jay, who "got stuck fast in yesterday." On the contrary, many educators have too readily accepted novel ideas before their worth was fully manifested. I tried recently to list the trends, some obviously good, others quite clearly bad, which to my mind have been particularly noticeable. Among them, capitalized for convenience, are the Liberation of the Curriculum; the Mania for Military Preparation; the Formations of Small Sections and of Fast and Slow Divisions; the Rediscovery of Interest as a Motive; the Apotheosis of the I.Q.; the Glorification of the Aptitude Test; the Popular Demand for Individual Attention; the Rise and Decline of Progressive Education; the Cumulative Menace of the Movies, Radio, and Television; the Falling off in Voluntary Reading; the Multiplication of Records; and, finally, the Training for Citizenship. Doubtless others will suggest themselves readily to my pedagogical contemporaries. I have merely jotted down those which, as I look back over my career, seem most significant.



THINKING only of the curriculum, I have in my time seen the course of study dominated successively by the classics, by English, by the social studies, and by mathematics and science. Each in its golden prime enjoyed the perquisites of vested interests, and each in turn has yielded primacy because of circumstances beyond its control. Just which group is now in the saddle I am not quite sure; but if a large-scale fighting war develops, it will be the mathematicians and the scientists again—and a truly fine job they did in World War II!

Discussions over the curriculum will always be a perennially engrossing pastime for teachers. For my part, I am sure that the curricular diet has, over the past fifty years, been made more palatable and profitable. In one field especially, that of English, the substance has been vastly enriched. The school requirements in 1901, when I was a candidate for admission to college, included for intensive study "Silas Marner" and "The Ancient Mariner" (the titles of which were invariably confused in the pupils' minds), "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Last of the Mohicans" (strange juxtaposition), Burke's speech "On Conciliation with the Colonies," Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and Milton's minor poems. Much of this fare

Claude M. Fuess began teaching at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., in 1908, and served as headmaster from 1933 until his retirement in 1948. This article forms a chapter in his forthcoming book "Independent Schoolmaster," to be published in October.

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was ill-suited to adolescent tastes; and gradually some of us by sheer persistence managed to persuade college admissions officers and later the College Entrance Examination Board to permit a wider selection. Especially was there reluctance from conservatives to tolerate the use as texts of any literature less than a century old. The mere suggestion that any fine contemporary novel or play might be assigned for reading was disturbing to the Old Guard. But before I had done with teaching I was asking my classes in senior English to study Hardy and Galsworthy, Masefield and Frost, as well as Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning. By 1932 the entire atmosphere and aim of English teaching had altered for the better. We had boldly challenged the assumption that the only good book was an old book. Furthermore, the modified requirements of the colleges allowed teachers to select within broad limits the literature which they liked. Consequently, English classes actually became rather exciting through the substitution of choices for fixtures. The material, without losing quality, has gained in freshness and vitality.

No instructor in his right mind would ever maintain that the English classics should be ignored in the schools. Shakespeare and Wordsworth are still timeless figures in drama and in poetry. But one of the chief purposes of an English teacher should be to convince his pupils of the durable satisfactions that come from reading. Radio and television have already done their sinful best to kill the love of books; and for the instructor, through inertia, to prescribe dull material when poems and novels which are both entertaining and stimulating are available is to misuse the tools of education. Furthermore, for American boys Stevenson is surely a better model for prose writing than Sir Francis Bacon or even Joseph Addison.

IF the teacher has the right qualities and is willing to exert himself, he can make any subject interesting. The decline of the Greek and Roman classics has been due largely to the fact that they have too often been regarded by pedestrian instructors as a medium for drill in "forms," which has about it nothing that is inspiring. It is still true that the pedagogical artist can make even Cicero's rhetorical orations glow with light and color. I do not, however, regret the gradual abandonment of Greek and Latin in our schools, nor do I regard the movement as evidence of deterioration. For selected groups of boys and girls these ancient languages are valuable, especially for those with a linguistic aptitude. But to compel every college candidate to take Latin always seemed to be psychologically unsound. I think I am aware of all the arguments on the other side. I have certainly heard them often enough, and they have been, in my judgment, effectively refuted. For me the present trend is not regrettable, provided that the student learns one language well, whether it be Latin or French or German.

Since 1901 the teaching of nearly every subject has been improved by the informality which small classroom sections of twelve or fifteen permit. Many a parent has decided to send his son to Andover or Exeter because of the excessively large classes in the local public school. In a division of fifty the average student is likely to be called upon only once, and is seldom allowed to comment or ask questions. The so-called round-table system has made each pupil an active participant in the educational process. This is particularly the case in English and the foreign languages. I am not too young to recall the old-fashioned classroom with its fixed desks and drill-hall atmosphere, where each individual student "recited," usually from memory, and then settled back, his job for the day done. At Amherst, Professor Elwell, in Greek, followed each day a mathematical figure, a square or alternate rows or the letter X, and when the members had discovered the formula, each one knew when his turn would come and conduct himself accordingly. When I was a visitor at the United States Naval Academy, I was astonished to see that a similar rigid method was in operation even in that excellent institution. Nowadays in the reputable independent schools the recitation room has become a conference room, in which teacher and taught sit at ease with one another, like the directors of the First National Bank, and discuss freely the topic of the hour. The burden upon the instructor is heavier, but in practice he has been equal to it, and results have been gratifying.

All this is tied up with what I earlier called the Rediscovery of Interest, as an incentive to achievement. The traditional idea was to say to the victim, "You do this—or else!" Unfortunately, it was often the "else" that had to be invoked—in the old days the rod or the ruler, in those somewhat more recent, various other types of compulsion. In my experience the prizes are usually won by interested students. This is true not only of the classroom but also of life. Once a human being anywhere acquires a strong motivation, he will work his head off. To create this desire, the teacher must employ every legitimate device, unashamed to become an actor or a salesman and not disdaining the arts of the Pied Piper or the Fuller Brush

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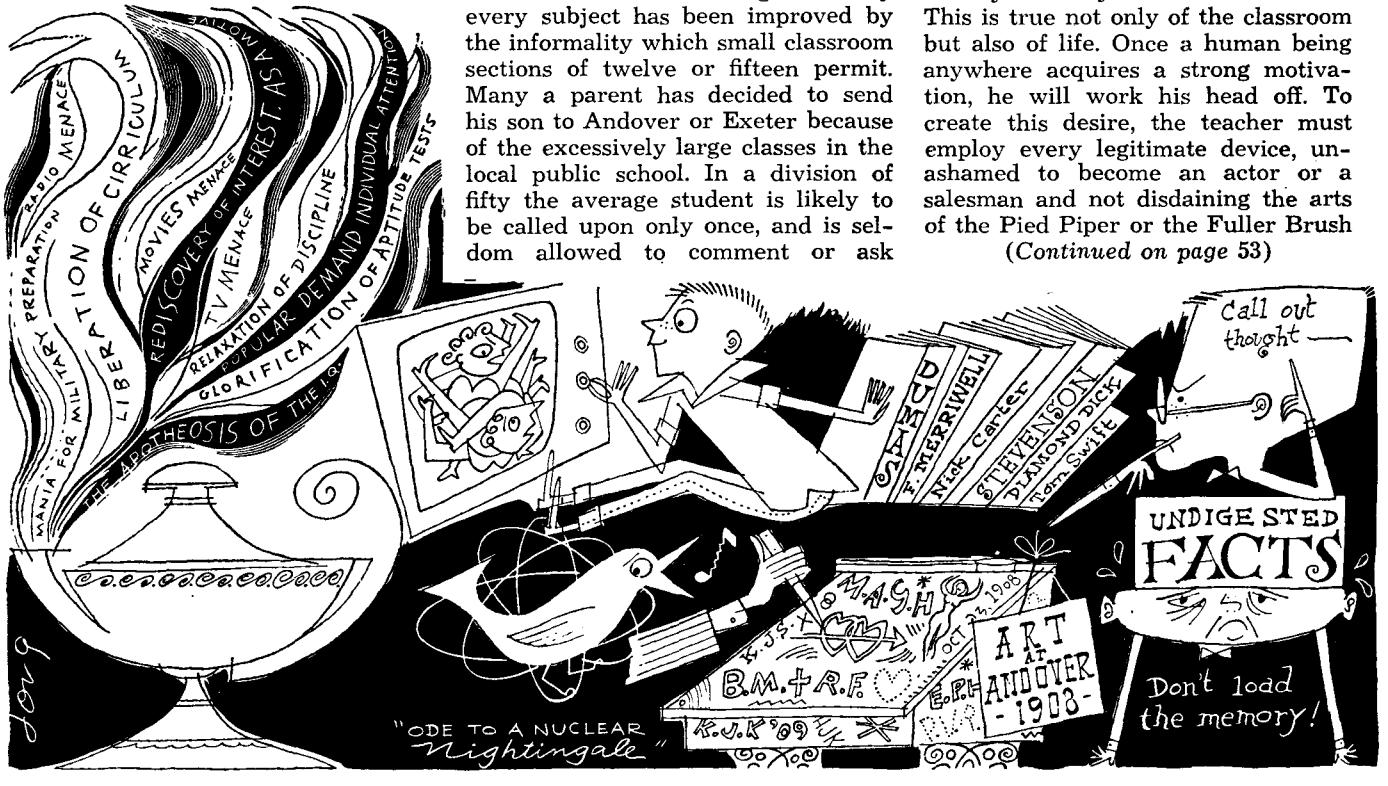

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The Role of the Foundation in Education

1. Past & Present

SLOAN WILSON

BACK in 1911, when Andrew Carnegie gave more than a hundred and thirty-five million dollars "for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding," that was philanthropy. When, beginning in 1913, John D. Rockefeller and his son gave more than four hundred and sixty-nine million dollars "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world," that also was philanthropy, although the Rockefellers' efforts, together with Mr. Carnegie's, were already beginning to amount to something a long way removed from a charity bazaar. But when in 1950, the Ford Foundation started operations with nearly ninety per cent of the Ford Motor Company, or more than a half billion dollars, the project was getting too big for even a long word like "philanthropy" to stretch around. After one adds to these three foundations the hundreds of others at work today, the result is a good deal more than philanthropy; it is private management of funds for the public good on a scale never before seen in the world.

The enormous growth of these foundations has been little studied or understood. Fifty years ago, there were only about fifteen American foundations. Estimates of the number today vary tremendously because there is little agreement on the precise definition of a foundation, and the records of many of them are extremely hard to get. Mary H. Kolb, executive secretary of the H. C. Frick Educational Commission in Pittsburgh, wrote not long ago that there were "well over ten thousand." The late Edwin R. Embree, who was vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation and president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, wrote in 1949 that there were over five hundred *general* foundations, in addition to endowments for special subjects. One thing is certain: the capital controlled by the various foundations runs into billions of dollars. The annual expenditures of those which make their records easily available run into more than $125,000,000.

This privately controlled concentration of wealth has become a new kind of catalyst which is enabling both private and public institutions to work more effectively for the public good. It is a sort of third force, exerting relatively small power, but using tremendous leverage to help the peculiarly American combination of big government and individual initiative to produce the most.

How have they used this power? This article is certainly too short to review everything the foundations have done in the past half century, or even to summarize what they have done in the field of education alone. But here are a few examples of the way this completely independent third force has pushed government, church, and private agencies.

The early work of the Rockefeller Foundation in causing the reorganization of medical education in this country is perhaps too well known to need description. Less is known, however, about the far-reaching effects of the Carnegie Corporation's plan for the retirement of college professors. It was one of the first projects of the Carnegie Foundation, and certainly sounded like an innocuous enough one—yet it gave the foundation tremendous power over all universities, both private and public. The college had to meet the foundation's standards to receive the benefits of the retirement plan for its faculty—and the benefits were considerable. This power alarmed and even angered many people, and if it hadn't been used so extraordinarily well, it still

(*Continued on page 45*)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In recent years the two traditional guiding forces in American education, private enterprise and government, have been joined by a third force, the educational foundation. It is to this third force that this year's education issue of* The Saturday Review *is especially devoted. In the article at the left, Sloan Wilson traces the part the foundations have played in education since their appearance on the American scene half a century ago and describes some of their present activities; at the right, Clarence H. Faust, president of the Fund for the Advancement of Education of the Ford Foundation, considers what is the proper role of an educational foundation. Dr. Faust's discussion is supplemented by an editorial on page 24. On page 16 Robert Lewis Shayon evaluates the work now done in education through radio and television.*

2. Opportunities

CLARENCE H. FAUST

UNLIKE the practice in primitive or ancient societies, education in modern, civilized societies is accomplished by formally structured institutions. The establishment of schools, colleges, and universities involves elaborate organization, expensive and relatively permanent physical equipment, and the development of a profession in which men engage as a career. All this has undoubtedly increased the effectiveness of education, as the substantial support given to modern educational institutions by governments and individuals plainly acknowledges.

From the point of view of the advancement and improvement of education, however, the existence of private and public institutions presents certain disadvantages, among them the difficulty of effecting needed changes. More or less fixed purposes and operating habits govern the support of an established school or college. Teaching and administrative personnel tends to be selected with a view to carrying out these purposes within the framework of the established organization. The physical facilities of educational institutions reinforce the tendency to permanence and the self-perpetuation of their practices.

Under these circumstances, change of educational programs is, as to some extent it should be, difficult. Every leader in education encounters these difficulties daily. Additional obstacles to change arise from the natural desire of the institution's supporters—public or private—to preserve the institution's purposes and program, and also from the limitation of the institution's resources which must first of all be applied to carrying out its established activities. Against these obstacles, changes that would be difficult at best sometimes become impossible. Thus educational institutions tend to lag behind the insights and plans of their leaders and fall short of the needs of the society which has established them.

In this situtation lies the great opportunity for the private educational foundation. By providing funds for initiating or accelerating promising experiments or developments in education, by encouraging constructive change rather than by supporting existing programs of education, or by

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serving as relief agencies to financially embarrassed institutions, foundations can make their limited resources go farthest and accomplish most. They should therefore devote themselves to experimentation and new developments in education.

If this is their function, certain principles must govern their operation. Foundations must be carefully selective. The annual budget of a large university is many times that of a foundation, yet the foundation has a responsibility to education in general rather than to the program of a single institution. One of its serious dangers, therefore, is what an early officer of the Rockefeller Foundation called "scatteration-giving."

In being selective a foundation must face the difficult problem of the relative importance of projects. The Fund for the Advancement of Education received requests last year which totaled thirty times its resources. Most of these requests, certainly far more than could be granted, were meritorious. Since a foundation cannot support all the interesting and useful plans proposed to it, it must select a relatively small number of critically important areas in education on which to concentrate its efforts. To do this wisely and effectively it desperately needs, from all sources, the best advice it can secure.

If a foundation violates the principles of selection and concentration, it cannot avoid an ineffective dispersal of benefits or a haphazard and accidental application of them. The history of foundations makes amply clear that they have been most useful—as in the case of the Rockefeller Foundation's support of developments in medcal education—when they have directed their attention to a small number of critical developments which could not have found support elsewhere.

ONE of the basic criteria of selection and concentration grows out of the limitation of a foundation's resources in relation to its concern for education in general. In selecting projects and concentrating its resources upon their development, it must consider what influence the particular educational experiment may have, not so much upon the institution or institutions engaging in it, but upon the course of education in general. Will it demonstrate the possibility of similar improvements in other institutions? Will it lead to the development of insight or knowledge that will be generally or widely applicable, as, for example, a project for enriching the education of future teachers might ultimately affect education in many institutions? Or where a new program may not be itself adopted elsewhere nor its particular effects generally felt, does it stimulate general or widespread reconsideration of important problems in education?

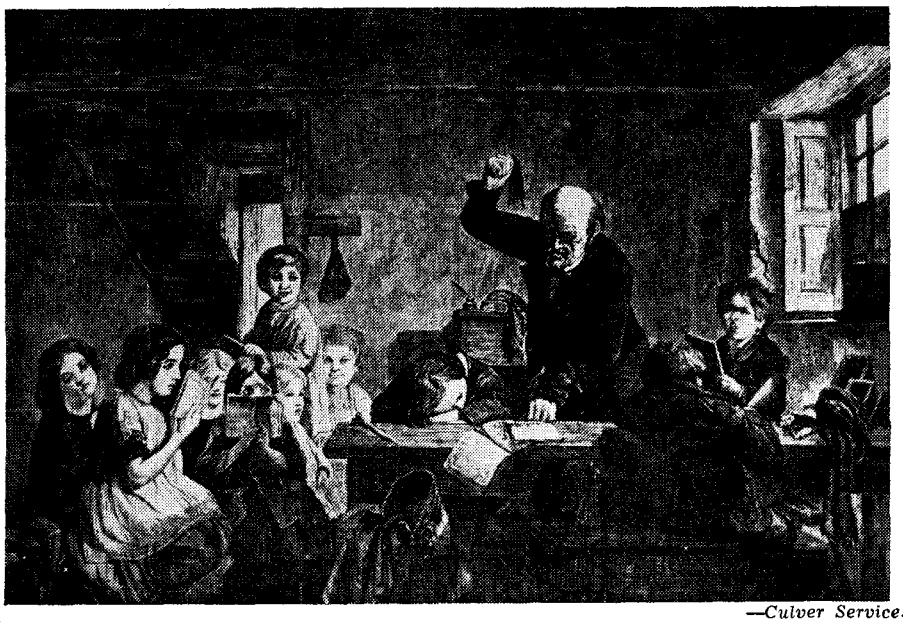
Indeed, a third principle of foundation operation might be called the principle of ferment. It is illustrated by the program or project which stimulates attention to or action on a variety of educational problems beyond the immediate focus of the project itself. The interest of the Fund for the Advancement of Education in the project on early admission to college, for example, lay largely in this aspect of it.

This project provides scholarships to enable students to enter college before completing the customary years of high school. In developing and carrying out the experiment, the dozen participating colleges and universities have been led to re-examine a wide range of basic questions of educational policy and procedure. This project has, moreover, stimulated the planning of other approaches to the articulation of secondary school and collegiate work, notably such projects as that of a group of Eastern preparatory schools and universities for replanning the curriculum of the eleventh through the fourteenth grades as an effectively cumulative whole, and that of the Committee on Admission with Advanced Standing, in which a dozen colleges and a number of secondary schools are working out plans for improvements in secondary education on the basis of which advanced standing will be accorded to students who have the advantage of the improved curriculums.

Similar stimulation has resulted from the project proposed by the colleges of Arkansas in cooperation with the state's Department of Education for preparing public-school teachers by giving them four years of liberal arts education plus a year of internship training for teaching. This project has been followed by new programs in the preparation of teachers at Harvard, Cornell, and the University of Louisville. It seems also to have generated a controversy which may do something to provoke the re-examination of the problems of preparing men and women for the profession of teaching.

If a foundation follows these principles, especially the principle of ferment, it must be prepared for criticism. To perform its proper function, it must take the risk of being attacked, at least for a time. It must also take the risk of being found in error, for the funds of a private foundation are "venture capital." Sure things are likely to find support from more conservative public or private sources. If to avoid the risk of criticism or error, a foundation supports only programs and projects that are already widely approved and generally accepted, it does not fulfil the mission which its unique position both enables and requires it to perform.

I do not want to be misunderstood as imagining that new developments in education depend wholly, or even in major part, upon the operations of foundations. Advancements in education are brought about by the men and women of insight and devotion in our educational institutions who conceive and develop new ideas and who carry out the plans by which education is improved. I am convinced, however, that it is to the support of this aspect of education that an educational foundation should devote its efforts.



—*Culver Service.*

"Caught Napping"—"advancements are brought about by insight and devotion."

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Education 1952-53: A Newscast

FRED M. HECHINGER

AS the new school year begins the news in education is both good and bad. It almost always is. When there isn't enough interest in learning and teaching there are generally too many school buildings and teachers—but not enough pupils and students. When there's a great deal of interest in learning there usually aren't enough classrooms, teachers, and financial means to satisfy the craving for education.

That is the U. S. school picture now. Therefore, most of the good news is about an unprecedented popular interest in education; most of the bad news is about lacking facilities, funds, teachers (of the right kind).

Good or bad—here is some of the news in education for the coming year:

▶ More than 34½ million children and adults will be attending the nation's public and private schools, colleges, universities, and other educational institutions this fall. This is over one-fifth of the population. It is an unprecedented record, anywhere and at any time.

▶ All elementary schools—public and private—will have about 1,600,000 more pupils than last year—a total of 26,000,000.

▶ Secondary schools will have 95,000 additional pupils—a grand total of 6,263,000.

▶ Higher education—in all its facets—expects a total enrollment of 2,150,000. This would be a drop of 75,000 below last year, but the figure may grow as Korea veterans get out of the Army and begin or resume their studies under a new G.I. Bill of Rights (see below). After this year college enrollments, too, will rise again.

▶ A rough estimate is that 158,000 *new* teachers would be needed this fall to teach the additional children in the public schools and to take care of the normal "turnover." (This does not take into account the replacement of sub-standard and emergency teachers or the need to split up overcrowded classes and double sessions.)

Parents may expect to find the schools almost 53,000 teachers short of minimum needs. This will remain the news—probably through 1955: increasing grade-school enrollment will continue at least that long.

By that time the problem will hit the high schools. It will probably be worse there because it is more difficult to improvise. The news there is still negative: little if anything is being done to prepare for the flood of children who will soon move up to high school. But it is hardly news that flood control usually follows, rarely prevents, disaster.

▶ For the new academic year, the official estimate is, 53,000 new classrooms are needed—just to take care of the increase in enrollment. (Between now and 1960 the minimum estimated need is for 600,000 new classrooms.) These will not become available in sufficient number and with sufficient speed. Between half and two-thirds of all the country's classrooms will be overcrowded. One-fifth of all pupils will be in buildings with varying degrees of fire hazards. The average of school fires per year over the last fifteen-year period has been 2,100.

Statistics mean less than the fact that hits the family. A mother in a new suburban development said that in her son's school there will be ten fifth grades this fall—five operating for four hours in the morning, five for the same period in the afternoon, each of them with about fifty pupils. She is trying to get her youngster into the "morning shift" because the children by the time they get to school in the afternoon will be too tired after playing around the house in the morning.

▶ Word comes from Pasadena, Calif., that its public schools, after two years of surveying, have been given a clean bill of health on such vital matters as teaching methods, school administration, textbooks, and "subversion." The survey committee included leading educators and local citizens—about 1,000 of them—from all factions, including the one which fought against Superintendent Willard Goslin until his forced resignation two years ago.

The Pasadena fight may or may not be over. But the most important round, since the ousting of Mr. Goslin, has apparently reversed trend. It has also upheld the right and duty of professional educators to have the final say in such vital matters as textbook selection and teaching methods.

On the debit side, the committee bent over backwards to prove that no important changes in the curriculum have taken place in the school system since 1931. This was meant to prove

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that the schools are not "progressive." But, if taken literally, it might mean that no progress has been made. If that conclusion is certainly unfair, it documents the danger: fear and excessive caution lead to a denial and stifling of progress.

▶ In Copenhagen this summer the three most important international teacher organizations (of the free world) joined forces, formed the World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession. This for the first time promised to bridge the old gap of professional jealousy between elementary and secondary school teachers. It was not achieved without a fight.

The teachers also agreed that a handbook, to be used internationally by teachers everywhere, is to be worked out. Its topic: How to teach children of all ages the elements of international understanding and of the relations between countries. Areas of special need for a new approach: geography, history, modern languages, social sciences. In modern languages stress is to be on understanding other people and their cultural, not just their linguistic, idiom. This would rule out old primer stock phrases such as, "The queen's bird sings. The boy's grandmother also has a bird."

▶ In the United States there were some efforts, by vocal minority groups, to label such teaching, especially the use of UNESCO material, as un-American or even subversive. They tried, at various times last term, to outlaw such teaching. UNESCO supporters pointed out that the organization had long been deserted and denounced by all the Iron Curtain countries. The extremists of the opposites again met on common ground.

▶ The outcry against the use of so-called subversive textbooks seems to have grown weaker. In various places (as in Pasadena, see above) educators reasserted their own rights and duties. When the accusers were given a chance of putting the facts on the line—as in New York State—little, if any, facts were submitted.

▶ Responsible education groups, on the other hand, have strongly come out against Communists in public-school teaching jobs. Most recently the American Federation of Teachers, A.F.L., voted overwhelmingly against defending teachers who have been proven to be members of the Communist Party.

▶ Citizenship training has entered a new experimental phase. Through a

(*Continued on page* 44)

The World Floods Into Iowa

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

I SAW a kinescope recently of a forty-minute TV program presented over WOI-TV, the only television station as yet owned and operated by an educational institution, Iowa State College. On a 16 mm. projector the film quality was poor, the audio impossible, and technically the production was a long shot short of the creamy smoothness of indulgently-rehearsed, richly-budgeted sponsored programs. But from the blurred rectangle of the small, white screen came

an impact—fresh, charged with considerable excitement, and significant.

"Question Before the House," a one-time telecast, discussed the emotions and decisions faced by boys of draft age when the time comes for them to enter military service. "Discussed" is the official word: the program was produced with money granted by the Fund for Adult Education, established by the Ford Foundation, expressly for pilot work in community level TV discussion programs. But this was no ordinary "discussion."

Essayed by Mayo Simon, producer, and Dick Hartzell, director, was a daring, imaginative experiment in mass therapy employing "role playing" (pretending to be somebody else and speaking his thoughts) and personnel counseling by people in identical, real situations. The producers wanted to say something meaningful to the people of Iowa about this going-into-the-service problem. With the assistance of the college's extension service and county agents, they probed the experiences and concerns of draft eligibles, their families, girl friends, veterans, draft-boards, etc. On the night of the telecast, 4-H clubs, scout, church, farm, and other organizations were coordinated into an imposing network of local groups which watched the show and after it was over followed it with an off-the-air sharing of their own responses.

What they saw and heard was a rough, honest, and at times deeply moving articulation of the cross-currents of fear, resentment, resignation, hope, and affirmation that pull at American minds and hearts as the cold, shooting war in Korea and the encircling world tension continue to sear individual lives. Twenty-three representative Iowans gathered from ten counties to play the "roles."

"Question Before the House" was the defiant muzzle of a bold, new gun thrust into the face of dominant thinking and practice in American TV and radio. It said in effect: "We want to blow the lid off approaches, perhaps once valid but now stale with non-adventure. We want to dare to try novel techniques, dare to fail, to learn, to get out from the four tusks of studio walls to where the people are—not the people that lose any semblance of what they are when they walk into sterotype formulas, but the people as they really are in their prejudices, angers, strengths, shortcomings, and magnificent potential for awareness and action."

THIS program would never have faced a lens but for the role another Ford Foundation agency, the Fund for the Advancement of Education, is playing in radio-TV. Early this year at Iowa State, FAE money made possible the experimental series, "The Whole Town's Talking," sixteen programs, thirty minutes to an hour in length, in which Iowans came to grips with deep-lying community controversies between the two poles of problem-facing and decision-making. I know something about these programs, for I produced and directed the first seven.

Not only were they innovations in discussion techniques; to all who shared them, they were glimpses of democratic behavior integrating cam-

(*Continued on page* 42)

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Education. Never before in our history, several of our reviewers insist in essays published on this and the following pages, have the American people argued so much about their schools as they are arguing today. Most of the basic reasons for this controversy are touched upon by Fred M. Hechinger in his article surveying American education at the opening of the academic year 1952-1953, published on page 15. As for many years past, much of the present debate centers about progressive education. The philosophy of its most influential exponent, William Heard Kilpatrick, is set forth in a recent book by Professor Kilpatrick himself and in a biography of him, both reviewed on page 18; progressive education itself is debated anew in the two books reviewed immediately below. Other controversial topics very much on the lips of schoolmen and laymen are the manner in which the schools are meeting the challenge of the present national emergency (page 19), "general education" on the college and university level (page 20), and education for members of trade unions (page 36).

Mind & Merriment

WHAT IS PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION? By Carleton Washburne. New York: John Day Co. 155 *pp.* $2.50.

MIND, SCHOOL, AND CIVILIZATION. By John Macdonald. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 132 *pp.* $3.

By John S. Brubacher

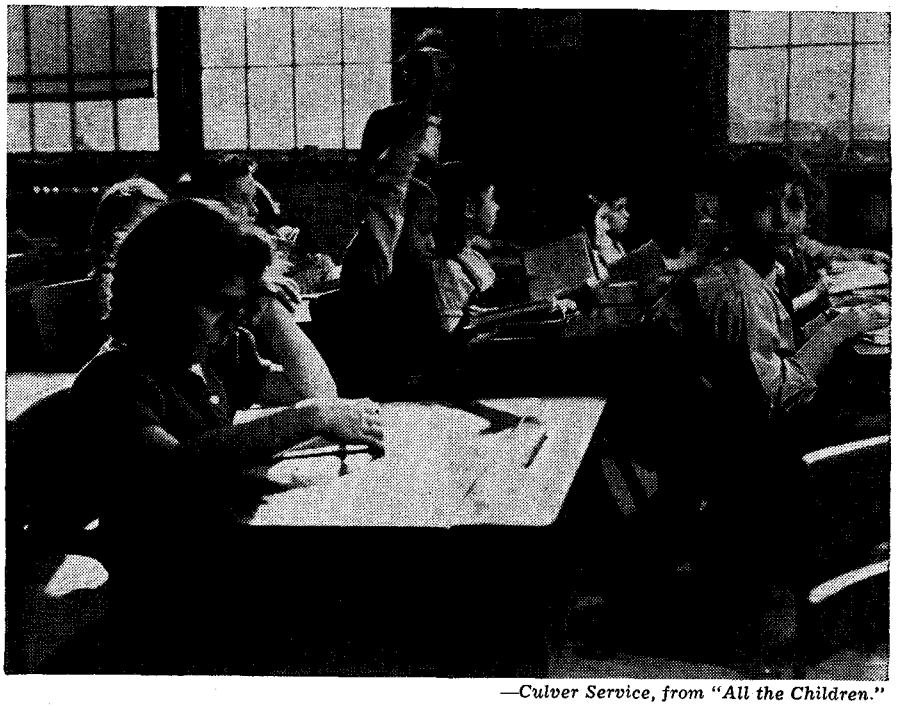
CURRENTLY American education is undergoing acute criticism from many sides. Of course it is nothing new that American education should be the subject of popular anxiety. The breadth and intensity of current criticism, however, may be something new. It is so broad and intense, indeed, that we may be on the point of a crucial re-evaluation of the aims, methods, and curriculum of our educational program.

The indictment against our education has a long bill of particulars. Abbreviated, this bill might include the charges that the schools have so neglected the fundamentals that their graduates do not know their three R's well enough to hold a job; that the schools have abandoned time-tested methods of drill and recitation to a point where discipline has disappeared; that in introducing controversial issues into social studies, schools unduly expose children to radicalism; and that in emphasizing utilitarian values in the curriculum, the schools and colleges are not adequately grounding their pupils in the basic values of our culture.

Much of the blame for this state of affairs is laid at the door of progressive education. At the turn of the century there was widespread discontent with the wooden procedures of traditional education. In the next three decades far more flexible procedures were introduced which came to be known as progressive education. During this period the momentum of protest and reform carried everything before it. In the fourth and fifth decades traditional education caught its breath again and began to stand its ground. In fact its defense has become so aggressive that today it has gone over to the counterattack.

The two books before us have been written in the heat of this controversy, one in the defense of progressive education, the other in defense of traditional education. Carleton Washburne—formerly superintendent of schools in Winnetka, Illinois, a center of progressive educational practice, for four years president of the Progressive Education Association, and currently president of the New Education Fellowship, the international movement of progressive education—has addressed himself to the question "What Is Progressive Education?" He feels that much of the argument over the merits and demerits of progressive education grows out of lack of understanding as to what progressive education really is. If it were understood dispassionately, he believes, there would be no occasion to indict it as the author of the ills set forth in the preceding bill of particulars.

Progressive education, Mr. Washburne says, is simply an attempt to incorporate into current educational practice the latest advances of science. As medicine leans heavily on physiology, so education leans heavily on psychology. Particularly is this true where education draws on psychology to guide motivation. Progressive education motivates learning by making education as lifelike as possible. The curriculum is chosen expressly with reference to the important activities of daily life in which the child is engaged. Not least of these activities is learning to grow in self-reliance and



—*Culver Service, from "All the Children."*

". . . the indictment against our education has a long bill of particulars."

John S. Brubacher, professor of education at Yale University, is the author of "A History of the Problems of Education" and "The Public School and Spiritual Values."

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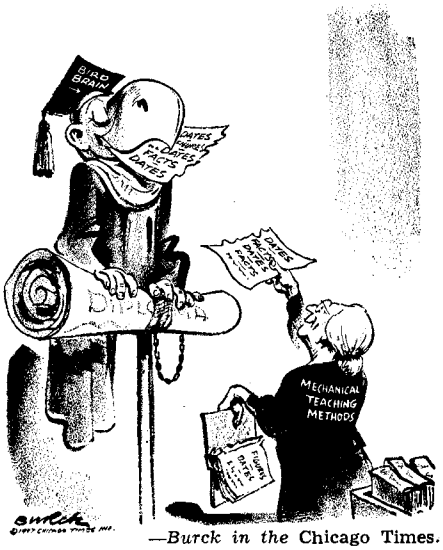


—*Burck in the* Chicago Times.

"Teacher's Pet."

independent judgment about the controversial social issues of his day. Although demanding democratic freedom for the child on this point, Mr. Washburne dissociates progressive education from the lunatic fringe of extreme left-wing progressives.

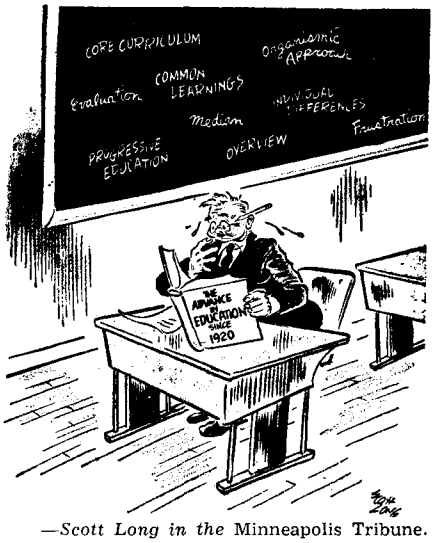
While in theory progressive education may make a good case for itself there are many who remain unconvinced. They want to know "Does it work?" When they inspect the results of progressive education their first impression is that it is inferior to the traditional. Mr. Washburne spends a whole chapter marshalling the evidence on this issue. In throwing the evidence on the scales of judgment he notes that they tip definitely on the side of progressive education.

In his "Mind, School, and Civilization," John Macdonald—professor of philosophy and dean of the faculty of arts and sciences at the University of Alberta, Canada—notes that the scales tip the opposite way. To be sure his evidence and reasoning are different, yet he does reveal himself as not unread in the literature of progressive education, including its basic science of psychology. In consequence of this reading Mr. Macdonald frees himself at the outset from some of the more untenable positions of the traditionalists. As Washburne is a moderate progressive, so Macdonald shows himself a moderate conservative.

The defense of the traditional position Mr. Macdonald rests not so much on recent science as on humanism. As a humanist the author is interested in the education not of an Englishman, nor a Frenchman, nor an American, but of a man. The well-educated man in this generic sense exhibits a certain "detachment." As the French say, he is *désinteressant*. In noting this detachment the author does not mean to imply an ivory tower conception of aloofness or indifference but rather a capacity to approach life in the light of reason, that is, to approach it with a comprehensive outlook. In order to gain this comprehensive outlook, of course, the mind must be trained by a curriculum which includes the basic values of civilization. It is with an exposition of these values, then, that the author proceeds to occupy the greater portion of his book. Obviously, building education on the nature of man, especially his intellectual nature, has a tradition which goes back to Cardinal Newman and ultimately to Aristotle himself.

The reader might be hopeful that since Mr. Washburne edges away from an extreme progressivism and Mr. Macdonald from an unregenerate conservatism, the two authors might be approaching some common or middle ground. Probably the basis for such a hope is more apparent than real. The two authors do not hold to right and left positions of the same philosophy. Rather do they hold to different philosophies. This is best revealed in the fact that Mr. Washburne treats educational values as largely relative and pragmatic, while Mr. Macdonald treats them as perennial and ultimate.

Although at bottom issues of educational philosophy separate the two authors, neither has written in a philosophical style nor with a philosophical vocabulary. Both appeal to an audience of lay readers. Mr. Washburne particularly has been effective in addressing his book to the average parent. Consequently, parents and lay citizens who have not yet made up their minds on the momentous issue between progressive and traditional education—and even those who have—will do well to review the controversy with these authors.



—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Bringing up Father."

To Know How to Know

PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION. By William Heard Kilpatrick. New York: Macmillan Co. 465 pp. $4.75.

WILLIAM HEARD KILPATRICK: Trailblazer in Education. By Samuel Tenenbaum. New York: Harper & Bros. 309 pp. $4.

By Ernest O. Melby

TO those for whom the name of William Heard Kilpatrick has become a synonym for "leftism" and soft pedagogy in education, these two volumes will make interesting and surprising reading. One is a work written by Dr. Kilpatrick in the full maturity of his rich life. The other is a biography of the man who has left the deepest imprint on American education in the present century. Here we see the man and his ideas—in the first case as set forth by himself and in the second as developed by his biographer. In both instances the open-minded reader will hear the true educational voice of America, not the regimental call of the earlier European education. It is a voice that reaffirms the essential dignity of individual men, that seeks the creative and the original, and with these, individual development and individual responsibility. Kilpatrick is the very antithesis of all collectivism. He is also the realist in education, for he sees the sham of the old education which produced "smart" individuals who could pass examinations but neither knew the meaning of their verbalisms nor possessed the capacity to translate them into desirable human action.

Chiefly through the purposeful distortion of Kilpatrick's critics he has come to be accused of two completely opposite influences that are so antithetical that they obviously cannot both be true of the man. The two volumes here considered show both charges to be made of whole cloth. The progressive school (and Kilpatrick is the father of progressive education) is a "do-as-you-please school," say the critics. Other critics, and sometimes the same critics, say that the progressive school is one which indoctrinates pupils in Socialism or (in moments of greater recklessness with the truth) in Communism.

Obviously a school cannot be a "do-

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as-you-please" school and an example of tight regimentation at the same time. In neither case have the critics really read what Kilpatrick says. In discussing morality he says: "Each individual is under positive obligation to make every reasonable effort to find out what is the right of each particular situation and to live up honestly to the best he thus has found is right. So to live and act is moral; failure thus to live at any point is wrong and immoral." This is hardly moral laissez faire.

As for indoctrination, he says "no indoctrination truly educates to democratic independence of personality, and it is this true democratic education we seek."

But let us not spend too much time on the distortions of the critics. It is more important for us to see the man and his life and contribution. It was no accident that he was a "million-dollar" professor, that thousands flocked to his classes. It was through no magic wand that Kilpatrick changed the school life of virtually every American child and millions abroad.

This kindly, silver-haired teacher paid for each pinnacle of fame and influence with the most rigid discipline, the most painstaking effort, and the most dedicated and whole-hearted gift of himself to his students and his profession. He left Mercer University, where he had been acting president, because of what were considered his heretical views. The injustice of it hurt him for years, but he became the greater champion of freedom as a consequence.

Kilpatrick's professional progress was not bought without toil. He was sharply self-critical. Even at fifty he judged he had made little if any unique contribution to education, found writing extremely hard, and with all bore success and fame with rare humility.

What was and is the key to his fabulous influence? Mr. Tenenbaum believes it is the strength of his faith in people and in the democratic educational process. "Students flocked to him from all over the world. In all he had approximately 35,000 students." Kilpatrick's power lay in his ability to get average ordinary people . . . to get as excited about an educational principle, an ethical concept, a psychological concept, as about the outcome of a football game . . ." A student says: "He changed my whole life; I see things differently now, the whole world seems different."

The two books complement each other admirably. Mr. Tenenbaum has let the man Kilpatrick and his life tell their own story. His treatment is most effective, for Kilpatrick's life and work speak more eloquently than any

W. H. Kilpatrick—"fabulous influence."

biographer's words. Kilpatrick himself in "Philosophy of Education" further exemplifies his capacity for clear thinking, simplicity of statement, and concrete expression of profound abstract principle. Though written in the maturity of experience, the book is a youthful voice, speaking with a faith in people and in the American tradition. Only in America could Kilpatrick and progressive education have flowered. For progressive education is, in truth, an educational expression for a philosophy of socially responsible individualism. It has been the essential message of America that here each individual had the opportunity to become all he is capable of becoming. Obviously, each American child could not become all he is capable of becoming through the Alexandrian-European concept of subject-matter-dominated education. Someone had to show the meaning of "free enterprise" in education. Someone had to throw off the shackles of educational totalitarianism and set the individual free in an educational sense. It was Kilpatrick's life work to do these things.

Reading "William Heard Kilpatrick" and "Philosophy of Education" we come to see more fully that no true education as individual development is possible in any but a free society, and further that only a genuinely free education can give dynamic continuity to a free society.

As for the future of the kind of education Kilpatrick taught and exemplified, Mr. Tenenbaum says in his final paragraph: "Those who have faith in man, in the dignity and the sanctity of each individual, who have respect for the free, inquiring mind; who believe that in democracy lies the hope of better individuals and better living together, know that time is on their side . . ."

Hard-got Wisdom

EDUCATION AND AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. By George S. Counts. New York: Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University. 491 *pp.* $3.75.

THE SCHOOLS AND NATIONAL SECURITY. Edited by Charles W. Sanford, Harold C. Hand, and Willard B. Spalding. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 292 *pp.* $3.

By Edgar W. Knight

IN THE light of the disquieting fact that the educational arrangements of the United States and especially the public schools have been under such heavy criticism in recent years, these volumes are very important. The first deals with the entire American educational scene, the other with conditions in one state but with implications and suggestions on educational conditions throughout the country. Both emphasize the conflict in ideologies between the United States and Russia, and the threat of Communism to free societies. Both books also emphasize education as this country's bulwark in the present crisis and the points at which the schools must be strengthened or reshaped. Both warn that if the United States is to survive as a free society it must get ready for a long battle; it must first take stock of the basic values in American democracy, and through the schools educate or re-educate the coming generations to be ready for that struggle. Both books emphasize the important role of the teacher, whose freedom must be protected and in whom, as Professor Counts puts it, the citizen "must be willing to place his trust."

The first of these books is the work of a distinguished professor of education in Columbia University, a keen observer of the economic, political, and social scene. It represents, in Professor Counts's words, "an effort to meet in the field of education the challenge of totalitarianism in its several forms," to develop "a conception of American education which will support the values of free society in the present troubled age as effectively and vigorously as the educational conceptions of the totalitarian states support the purposes of despotism." In this effort the author properly uses

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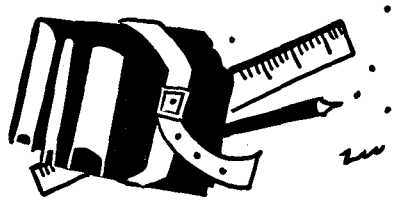

the historical method and presents a vivid but solid history of American civilization and education, the main thesis of which is that "a great education must express a great conception of civilization." Education can be as great and as good or as bad as the values of the society in which it exists. The book illustrates the unfailing principle in social history that education reflects and is in large measure the product of the civilization of which it is an integral part.

"The development of *good* people is perhaps the supreme educational task of our age," Professor Counts writes, but he also says that education must "make clear the meaning and worth of the principle of equality," disclose "the deficiencies in our heritage," and the dangers that threaten the principle of equality and of political liberty. The resources for a great education and for the development of good people are at hand and only await intelligent use.

Among these resources are the Hebraic-Christian doctrine of human brotherhood, the tested ideals of liberty, the now realizable economy of plenty and security, opportunities for a society of beauty and of grandeur, for active participation in a world community and especially for safe escape from the social insanity of war, on which affliction the world has had advice at least since the days of Peter Dubois and Marsiglius of Padua many centuries ago but which the people have not yet seen fit to take.

"Education and American Civilization" is one of the really significant educational books in many years. It is scholarly without being pedantic, and it should be of interest and encouragement to those outside as well as inside the professional craft. While peripatetic professors of education at large may at points disagree with Professor Counts, even they must admit that this is a powerful book.

The second of these volumes is the outgrowth of a statewide project carried on under the auspices of the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Illinois, with the encouragement of Governor Adlai Stevenson, an undertaking in which 2,500 elementary and secondary school managers, teachers, and pupils, school board members, leaders in parent-teacher groups, college and university professors, and others took part and made suggestions and recommendations for "short-term measures and long-term proposals" for the role of the schools "in today's ideological conflicts." The purpose of the book is "to keep the schools adequate to the needs" of the United States, and in that role the responsibility of the schools for national strength, well-being, and security is heavily emphasized. That security can be had, it is urged, only when the schools perform better than ever before those "usual basic educational functions" that are so indispensable to that security. But becoming and remaining strong so as to keep "an honorable peace" cannot be achieved by apathy or defeatism, or under the slogan of "business as usual."

Security and peace can be had only by "a healthy and vigorous people," a sound economy—"inflation is one of the really great threats to our society" —the maintenance of leadership, freedom, and the free flow of ideas, the destruction of "the enemy within our gates," and by patient resolution and flexibility of action. To these heavy tasks the schools are called to take full account of the hard facts the American people face and may have to face for many years. The schools must undergird military preparedness, increase production, strengthen the health and vitality of the people, encourage "willing acceptance of personal sacrifices," produce a unified and dedicated people, and greatly improve the education of all children and youth all along the line.

The book asserts that "first things must be kept first" and the energy of the schools must not be diverted from their necessary purposes. It reveals that the "job facing teachers in this time of crisis is multifold," that their personalities must be sound, and that they should habituate children and youth "in the processes of democratic living." The curriculum must be rid of its "deadwood," its "nonfunctional" parts which, unfortunately and somewhat confusingly, are not identified. Major implications for the managers of the schools are also set out in much detail. Here one may learn that the superintendent of schools holds the key educational position in the community and for school-community relations. Parent-teacher groups are informed what they "might further do" for national security. In this volume, as in so much of current discussions of the schools and education, it now and then appears that the axiomatic jostles the eternally commonplace. No one would question the assertion that "national security requires that we make and keep our schools strong," but many people question whether the schools can do everything and "go to mill, too."

The People's Way

GENERAL EDUCATION IN ACTION. By B. Lamar Johnson. Washington, D. C.: American Council on Education. 409 *pp.* $4.

GENERAL EDUCATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By John P. Wynne. New York: Bookman Assoc. 251 *pp.* $3.75.

By H. T. Morse

AS THEIR titles indicate, these volumes represent widely different approaches to the subject of general education. One is pragmatic and descriptive, the other analytical and philosophical. One is based upon a detailed study of specific applications of general education; the other is a distillation of the essential elements of all programs. Both, however, are in agreement on fundamental principles. Professor Wynne states that the elements of general education are certain experiences common to all students regardless of the particular context in which they occur. Dean Johnson shows how such experiences can be utilized in specific learning situations.

"General Education in Action" contains the report and recommendations of a two-year study of general education undertaken by a group of California junior colleges under the auspices of the American Council on Education. As Commissioner Earl J. McGrath points out in the introduction, "The volume contains more of the how of general education than any other . . ." This elusive "how" is presented not only in illustrations of commendable practices drawn from the junior colleges participating in the study, but also in subtle insertions of suggestions and examples drawn from Dean Johnson's own wide experience with general education.

The approach to general education is buoyantly empirical, placing it philosophically in the category known as "Instrumentalist" by writers in the field. General education is for everyone, the author reiterates; aspects of it should permeate traditional courses and even vocational courses; it should be buttressed by the counseling services; it should be derived from participation in extra-curricular activities, and even from work experience. "Functional" courses, however, such

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as personality adjustment and family life education, which are designed specifically to serve the ends of general education, should also be provided.

A number of problems and opportunities for the junior college are vigorously discussed by the author. These cover such topics as the need for closer articulation between the junior colleges and the high school on one side and the senior college on the other; the necessity for programs of adult education; special offerings for women, whose specific needs are largely neglected; provision for varied individual student aptitudes, abilities, and interests; and the desirability of training teachers for general education.

The report makes explicit in a convincing way the relationship between counseling and instruction, a relationship not always well understood even by some institutions providing fairly extensive student counseling services. It provides an important service in viewing general and vocational education as parts of an integrated pattern of preparation for living and for making a living, indicating that each type of education may have values which strongly reinforce the other. It underscores vigorously the idea that teaching methods may play a vital role in promoting the aims of general education. "While particular devices and methods have value in themselves," Dean Johnson observes, "the significant element here is a recognition that all methods which make the student an active participant rather than a passive recipient aid the achievement of goals emphasizing attitudes, habits, and desirable behavior as well as increasing the acquisition and retention of knowledge." This statement is the theme of Professor Wynn's book.

"General Education in Action" should hold a place as a major contribution to the thinking and to the literature in the field. Ostensibly addressed to the faculties of the California junior colleges, it deserves careful study by the staff members of any institution interested in providing for its students a dynamic and empirically-oriented program of general education.

One might hazard the opinion that in describing general education in such explicit and convincing terms Dean Johnson is performing for the faculties of the junior colleges in California a function similar to that of Paul's when he revealed to the people of Athens the nature of the deity whom they had worshiped as the "unknown God."

Professor Wynne's volume "Gen-

(*Continued on page* 36)

Fiction. In the past few years, while the phrase "historical novel" has come more and more to mean a tasteless and standardized concoction designed to stimulate day dreams (usually feminine), several English ladies have published novels that are notable as careful and thoughtful re-creations of the past as well as creative works of literature. Hope Muntz's "The Golden Warrior" (1949) is an uncommonly fine saga of the Norman Conquest. Edith Simon's "The Golden Hand" (*SR* May 10) is a brilliant retelling of the fourteenth-century English peasant revolt. Now a third woman joins the group: H. F. M. Prescott, whose absorbing picture of Henry VIII's England, "The Man on the Donkey," is reviewed on page 22. The idea of Christ reappearing in a later age has attracted many writers besides Miss Prescott. It was, of course, the theme of the novel that may still be the all-time American best-seller, "In His Steps" (1896), and is used by Mary Borden in another book of the week, "You, The Jury" (below), an engrossing story of the Trollope country of England in the last century.

An Ancient Burden

YOU, THE JURY. By Mary Borden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 346 pp. $3.

By Henry Seidel Canby

IT is well along in this novel before the reader discovers that the people and the drama in which he has become so interested are all a part of one of the great stories of the world which has tempted a hundred pens. This is another reappearance in a later age of a man who is, or believes he is, the Christ. No wonder the discovery came late, for the scene has the rich familiarity of a novel by Trollope laid in the happier nineteenth century which preceded our own era of confusion, an era in which, as the hero and victim of this story says, a hundred Christs would scarcely suffice to save humanity. For here is Crabbe Minster, not one of the biggest country houses in England, but only one of the most beautiful. And here is Crabbe Minor, a show piece which is rotten within. Here is the seventh earl and the heir, a little fellow whom only an almost miracle can set on his feet, and also the teller of the tale, a woman who has the Anglo-Saxon heartiness which will see her through the terrible things that are to happen. And here is the "other family" always to be found in Victorian novels, the brood of a country doctor, with one "glorious boy," who proves to be a personality of such beauty and force that you must either hate him or love him entirely.

Mary Borden—"the great parallel."

Thus when the tale is swept into two wars and far beyond Crabbe Minor and Crabbe Minster, you are deep in a story that has its own value. For Stephen, the glorious boy, becomes a physician devoted to the cure of both mind and body, with all the resources of science plus a power of healing which seems even to his colleagues to be miraculous. Already he has followers whose lives have been transformed, and others, like Francis the young earl, ready to drop everything to follow him. In the war he has become a conscientious objector, whose protest goes far beyond war, where his bravery is distinguished, into a passion for loving his enemies as well as his friends which eventually involves him in a trial by jury for treason against the realm.

And now, as the famous trial sweeps in more and more of those that we have learned to know intimately either in their lives or by their reputations, the great parallel begins to shape itself in a drama that grows tenser and tenser. Stephen by no means resembles the Christ of a simple faith, except in his faculty of love. He is the Christ

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that drove traffickers out of the temple, unyielding up to fanaticism. He is the Christ of twentieth-century doubt and agony, saying, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" He will submit himself to law, but in no sense recant acts he believes were in the spirit of God. Measured by present circumstance, he is a fanatic, unlovable, unsuccessful, only to be respected. And then in the climaxes of the trial, the shadowy figures of the Bible story begin to take their places behind this modern version of an old drama. There is Pontius Pilate, here the incorruptible and unbelieving judge, who is the husband of the teller of the tale. There is Mary Magdelene, from the village of Crabbe Minor. There is Mary herself in the strange, dreaming mother of Stephen and the doctor's brood, who can never concern herself with time and the trivial. There is Judas Iscariot, a labor leader, who wishes to use Stephen, and after betraying him at the trial kills himself in chagrin. There is Peter, the young earl, who denies and repents. But these modern figures are not shadowy. Each has his or her individual complexity of living which the main drama intensifies and which makes that drama vivid and real. It seems an ambition nowadays among writers of mystery stories to produce a trial which is the climax of the book. Well, here is a model of its kind, more extensive, more poignant in dialogue, and more important than the question of life or death.

This Christ is not crucified. That is not the twentieth-century way. Nor is he vindicated. Nor is there any assurance that he was justified in his course. Justice he gets both in the verdict and the reprieve, with the judge's full recognition that justice is not enough—though perhaps it is an irony worse than crucifixion, perhaps more than the prisoner deserved. But those who may be disappointed in the end of this story will not be disappointed in the story itself. And on consideration they will remember that our times are inconclusive and that in spiritual matters, when involved in a transitional world of science and materialism, we see only a little and darkly.

Tudor Majesty

THE MAN ON A DONKEY. By H. F. M. Prescott. New York: Macmillan Co. 631 pp. $5.

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

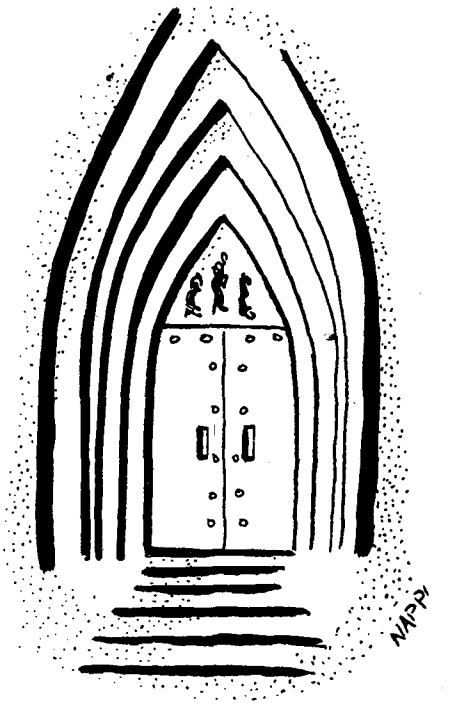
FOR the second time within a year, an Englishwoman has given us an historical novel that is so accurate in its evocation of the past and so penetrating and understanding in its delineation of an array of characters as to make it stand head and shoulders above the very best of 1952's in no way scant supply of good historical fiction.

The first was Edith Simon's "The Golden Hand." That book made no compromises whatever with popular taste, yet it was soon well established on best-seller lists. Now we have Miss Prescott's equally uncompromising and even more excellent "The Man on a Donkey." It should shortly be on best-seller lists too.

Oddly enough, the two books are both chapters in the same story. Miss Simon's novel about the men and women who built the Cathedral of St. Hand is laid in a time when Christianity in England was so new and fresh that a miracle was as credible as sunrise and a principal character could be the pagan Swan Ygern.

"The Man on a Donkey" tells what happened three centuries later. It takes place in a time of disintegration when the high purpose that lifted spires to heaven and turned ordinary men to saints had become so blunted and stale that it was possible for the bemusement (by Anne Boleyn's black eyes) of Henry VIII and the lust for power of Thomas Cromwell to change England from a Catholic to a Protestant nation. Even those of us who believe that on balance this was a good thing must be embarrassed to discover that it was accomplished by an alliance between Priapus and Machiavelli.

But Miss Prescott does not deal with disintegration as such. She deals rather with the havoc wrought by disintegration upon the men and women she writes about. Pointed up by the mad serving woman Malle's vision of



the man on a donkey (Christ), it is the story of a big-hearted resistance to the inevitable. It is a story of that ineffectual yet nobly-purposed counter-revolution against Henry's drive toward spiritual as well as temporal absolutism that was known as the Pilgrimage of Grace.

Largely it is the story of five persons. Christabel Cowper, the worldly but in no way wicked Prioress of Marrick, and Lord Thomas Darcy, the great nobleman who cannot subtilize himself out of his integrity, are historical. Robin Aske, leader of the Pilgrimage ("of Aske's life before 1536 practically nothing is known," yet his boyhood and youth fill many pages) is partly so. But Julian Savage, gentlewoman, who loves Robin, and Sir Gilbert Dawe, the eloquent yet rowdy hedgerow priest, are wholly imagined. Yet they all move across the stage with such equal life and vividness that only a reader who knows the period can tell which stepped out of the records and which out of Miss Prescott's mind.

It is so, too, with the really famous characters. Not even Hans Holbein and certainly not Francis Hackett has more livingly painted the fat, porcine King Hal with his limping leg and his soft yet cruel perfumed hands, nor is her Lord Privy Seal unworthy to be set beside the Cromwell in the Frick Gallery.

The book has no plot. It does not need one, for its plot is history itself. But it has tenderness, pity, stark reality, deep insight, and a keen feeling for slow and somber drama. It is altogether outstanding. It is a book that it is a joy to have read.

Watching the Moon

By David McCord

SEPTEMBER evenings such as these
The moon hides early in the trees,
And when we drive along the shore
I think I miss the trees the more
Because the moon is coming down
Beyond the branches and will drown.

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Foggy Aftermath

HEADLAND. By George Troy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 268 pp. $3.

By CHARLES LEE

THIS is a quiet story of a soul in torment. Ethan Greenleaf is a New Englander, an editorial writer by profession, who five months after his discharge from the armed forces becomes a war casualty. His particular disability is of the spirit. What it is that gnaws at his vitality he does not at first understand; all he knows is that its creeping progress is relentlessly corroding his will to live.

His impairment is all the more mysterious because the end of the war had found him bursting with the energies of release. He had come home to a loving family and a good job. Then subtly the psychological poisons of fatigue and futility had begun their work. Facile with words, Ethan discovers himself to be in a state of frustrating inarticulateness about himself; as his ailment is shadowy, so is his language. He talks in riddles when he talks at all; for the most part his mind drifts through a fog of melancholy saturated with ancient and invisible pain.

He becomes clever with evasions. Surrounded by understanding coworkers, he is given an assignment that exempts him from hard thinking and the necessities of decision. Then he begins to stay home from the office. He takes to lonely brooding. As his depression intensifies, he withdraws from the generous circle of his friends, all but alienates his three children, and puts his wife's love to the harshest of all tests, that of indifference. A sensitive man, he finally realizes that his illness is infecting the entire household, and then, dulled by his own bruisings, suggests a solution that leaves his wife horrified but undaunted.

Mr. Troy writes with a kind of overwhelming sincerity. He not only makes his reader share the suspensive inner action of his main character, but also makes him part of the household, its delights, its anxieties, and its hopes. The Greenleaf children are drawn with loving care; their prototypes must be pure charm. Charming, too, it must be noted, is the author's descriptive ability; he has knowledge of nature and a gift for catching its graces in words.

Some will say that "Headland" is thin in story, and so it is if cloak-and-dagger tempestuosities are the desiderata; but a crisis involving life and death in the soul of a man is no little thing and is itself a flashing sword-play of the forces of good and evil on the stage of self. There is more than a suggestion that Mr. Troy's novel represents the exorcism of a private hell. If it does, it helps to explain the strength and passion of the book, its sense of hard-won virtue, its recognition value for incapacitated Greenleafs everywhere. If it does not, it is surely a remarkable triumph of the imagination over experience.

Charles Lee, who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, has served as book editor on Philadelphia and Boston newspapers.

—*Clinton H. Cram.*

George Troy—"overwhelming sincerity."

—*Edna Donthel.*

J. H. Burns—"shrill note."

Fiction Notes

OMNIBUS OF DEPRAVITY: Wickedness also has its cliches. I doubt if John Horne Burns has missed many of them in his novel called **"A Cry of Children"** (Harper, $3). The work is as strained, over-blown, and obvious as a soap opera. Though a kind of jejune cynicism replaces the more familiar note of rapturous idealism, Mr. Burns's curious fantasy on the life of our time achieves a final effect of sentimentality as unctuous as that of any popular serial.

It is difficult to imagine what so experienced and knowing a young writer thought to make of this dreary recital of the sins of latter-day bohemians. Whatever the original impulse may have been, he finds himself trapped into telling the threadbare story of a young genius whose completely amoral mistress lures him into a protracted version of Walpurgis Night. Most of the whims of sexual tension have been touched upon, or given the full treatment of a clinical realist, before young David breaks away and saves his soul. There is just time at the end of the book for a strange, out-of-focus epilogue in which a present-day Stella Dallas, the discarded mistress recently released from the abortionist's table, stands in the street to watch her former lover leave the cathedral with his pure and purifying bride.

It is possible that Mr. Burns may have hoped to produce something having the tormented and haunting effectiveness of Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night." There, too, the account was of young men and women who felt themselves to be either rebels against the world of discipline and order or outcasts from its comforts. Mr. Burns may have felt that, like Fitzgerald, he was describing some of the psychological aftereffects of war.

Unfortunately, Mr. Burns has no assets of style, wit, and poetry. Nor has he a comparable command of techniques. Much of "A Cry of Children" is told in the stream-of-consciousness manner, following the thought of David, of his mother, or of the young mistress. But in none of these passages is a believable human intelligence allowed to speak with a persuasive individual accent. The mistress sounds one moment like a Damon Runyon "doll" and the next like the author's notion of a recent Vassar graduate with a full knowledge of the works of Mary McCarthy. The voice of the mother vibrates between the shrill piercing note of a Philip Wylie "Mom" and the croon of a professional entertainer.

Again Mr. Burns may have had a

(*Continued on page* 39)

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The Saturday Review

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New Directions for American Foundations

THE GENERAL conception of a philanthropic foundation is that of a first-aid station for good causes. The foundation is behind the counter, according to this picture, carefully examining the appeals made to it before dispensing its help in accordance with the intentions of the founder.

Enough foundations continue to operate according to this rough description to justify that general conception. For the moment, however, we are interested in the exceptions. An increasing number of foundations are taking a broad view of their franchise. They believe in initiating projects in the public welfare, rather than merely supporting them. We are thinking here not merely of research projects—as in the field of medicine and science—but of specific action programs which have behind them a clearly defined philosophy and which aim at specific objectives.

As is discussed elsewhere in this issue, the Fund for the Advancement of Education, for example, has taken a strong position on the need for greater emphasis on the humanities as a background for teaching, as against formal teacher training. By way of putting this conviction to the test, the Fund is supporting an experiment in Arkansas, with the cooperation of the State Department of Education.

Another policy-initiating project of the Fund is in the field of high-school and college curriculum development. The Fund believes that there is a certain amount of unnecessary duplication in subject matter on the two levels. It is concerned, too, about the need to accommodate new accretions of knowledge, especially in advanced education. Yet it is impossible for universities to prolong indefinitely the amount of time required for an adequate education, whether with respect to liberal arts or specialized training. By way of experimentation and fact-finding, the Fund for the Advancement of Education has enlisted the cooperation of a number of colleges and universities, working with secondary schools, in trying out new techniques for acceleration and in rearranging courses of study.

We are not attempting here necessarily to press for the adoption of these specific programs. Our enthusiasm rests on the willingness of an important foundation to take positive steps in putting its own ideas to the test—especially ideas that are concerned with the growing challenges to American education today. We like the idea of educators being in influential positions in the foundations, as they are in the Ford Fund, and being able to undertake projects that could be of national significance.

Using education in its broadest sense, there is a field today crying for research, experimentation, action. We refer to television. It would be unreasonable and unfair to expect commercial stations or networks, their facilities and resources already heavily engaged, to undertake the type of broad-scale development of non-commercial television that this powerful new medium deserves and indeed demands. The business of the commercial TV outlets is to do business, not to expend themselves in public education, though many of them have made important contributions in this direction. To do justice to the possibilities of non-commercial television (we use this term instead of "educational television" because of the classroom and instructional connotations it evokes) requires special knowledge, special talents, perhaps even special facilities. Here is an made-to-order opportunity for American foundations. Before they can embark on such a program, however, more facts are needed. Assuming that television channels are available for non-commercial purposes, who should operate them? Would the cost of operating an individual station be too high? Is it possible that a solution to the high costs of talent and production may lie in the direction of a national non-commercial network? What kind of cooperation would be necessary from the commercial stations? What about the content of the programs? What should the role of the university or professional educator be in non-commercial television?

At a relatively small expense, it ought to be possible for a foundation to establish a competent fact-finding group that might come up with suggested answers to these questions. On the basis of such a study, the foundation might define its role in television. Conceivably, those answers might be negative. But the need for a more purposeful use of television is so great that we should suppose the foundations would rest uneasily unless they at least undertook a serious exploration of the problems involved.

ANOTHER substantial opportunity in the field of public service for foundations is related to the forthcoming Revision Conference of the United Nations in 1955 and 1956. Under the terms of the United Nations Charter, a Revision Conference is to held automatically at the end of ten years (from San Francisco). The purpose of the Conference would be to make changes necessary to give the U.N. its required effectiveness. The forthcoming conference could develop into one of the great events in history, or it could be a routine meeting called for the nominal purpose of fulfiling a Charter requirement. Whether it is a good meeting or a bad meeting depends to a large extent on public opinion. If the world's peoples are educated up to the need for giving the United Nations the responsible powers of world law, then 1956 could witness the strongest single blow struck against war in our lifetimes. Hence the need for a program of public education. This might take the form of model revision conferences in schools and on the community levels. It might provide for an exploratory conference of leading thinkers on the world level. Such a model conference, if properly arranged, might excite the imagination of the world's peoples and provide vital help to the formal session, when it comes. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Laughter in Belgrade?

▶ I DO NOT DOUBT that there will be much laughter in Belgrade when they read Louis Fischer's discourse on "How Much Freedom in Yugoslavia?" [*SR* Aug. 16]. It is no mean achievement to get an important American writer like Mr. Fischer to swallow the myth that Tito's Communistic regime wishes to "broaden the area of freedom" and democratize the country, and that the Partisan Marshal believes his people "do not like anyone who tries to lift himself up too high and put himself on a pedestal," even if his heroic likeness stares at his subjects from a million billboards and posters and windows, and school textbooks eulogize him as no mortal has ever been eulogized in Yugoslav school literature before. But when such a writer apparently seriously reports that the Red dictator believes "tyranny could not last long" in his land and insists that "the people" (*i.e.*, the army—"Isn't the army the people?") could throw his regime out anytime it wished to, then the achievement borders on the fantastic. That Mr. Fischer takes the Red dictator's utterances seriously can be seen by his concluding paragraph, to wit: "The acts of the Yugoslav leaders and the demeanor and history of the people, the freedom of literary controversy, the nature of current literature, as well as the scrapping of the do-all state seem to promise a growth of freedom. In a world where the trend is in the other direction, this is worth recording."

Now contrast this with the observations of a European, the German journalist Halmund Asker, who recently wrote on "Tito and Socialism" in the influential Hamburg weekly *Die Zeit*, stating among other things that ". . . one does not find in Tito's practice anything not already observed in Stalinist practice: the police state, development of a dominant bureaucratic caste, low productivity . . . ."

They say Tito possesses a hypnotic personality. Perhaps that explains how a man of Mr. Fischer's experience could swallow hook, line, and sinker such obvious nonsense about a Red totalitarian regime. Or is it, perhaps, as some people believe, that "once a Marxist believer always a sucker for Marxist doubletalk?"

And so down the drain goes another great "Marxist authority" in whose integrity and good sense I once had great faith.

IVAN JONTEZ.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Surgery Needed

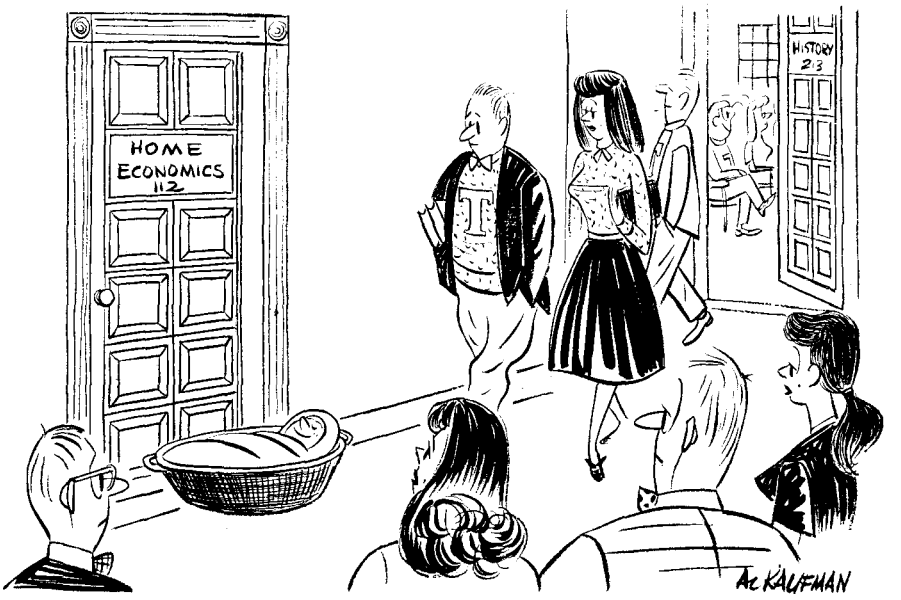
▶ I WISH TO TAKE EXCEPTION to the logistics of Harrison Smith's editorial "The Two Faces of War" [*SR* Aug. 16], for its ambiguity seems to conclude that the two faces of war are but one. Let's take a look at this!

The very opening acknowledges the inevitability of war by using the hoary argument that "man has always been in a state of warfare . . ." There have been many wars, and statisticians can show (as they can show anything) that every twenty or ten or seven years there is a war "just like a clock." This serves to submit the world to a man-made and man-willed conflagration not always born of self-preservation. In medieval times the plagues were recognized as inevitable scourges of God. They were accepted until some men decided that they were not inevitable. The willed awareness that the plagues were not inevitable has led to their virtual elimination.

Crediting war with the stimulus for invention resulting in more inventive mass-murder is to credit drunken driving with resultant thinning out of highway traffic. This was perhaps not the intention of the editorial, I suspect, but nevertheless it offers too much comfort to the believers in war, not only as a policy of statecraft but as an assurance of survival. As long as war has these blessings, false as they are, just that long man will wage it in surrender to a man-made divinity of satanic fascination. Once, however, it is recognized that war has none of the moralizing and truly advancing characteristics attributed to it, its inevitability—and that is a more or less partial desirability—will be recognized for what it really is: an unwillingness of men to go about eliminating their own destruction. There is lacking not words or legislative machinery but the will to do away with war as an instrument for "prevailing over" another group.

B. E. NELSON.

Plymouth, N. H.



Wrong Quote?

▶ CONGRATULATIONS on "The Next Eighty Years"—that temperate and objective discussion by Bertrand Russell [*SR* Aug. 9]!

Only, how come you slipped up on selecting for the front cover the following quotation which stands out like a beacon: "I am oppressed by the abysses of hatred, malice, and envy in the human heart, and I wonder whether man will ever permit himself the happiness that his intelligence has made physically possible."?

E. S. WHITMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Adolescent Appeal?

▶ I FOUND NO MENTION of the curious fact of Walpole's overwhelming appeal to adolescent children in Harvey Webster's review of "Hugh Walpole" [*SR* Aug. 23].

I started to read Walpole's novels at the age of fourteen at an English boarding school. I remember a fifteen-year-old saying that the opening of "Fortitude" ("It isn't Life that matters, but the courage you bring to it") seemed to her the most wonderful thing that she had ever read. At seventeen most of us began to despise his novels as too sentimental, and I have never opened one of them since leaving school. However, in J. H. Newsom's book "The Child at School," I find a list of fourteen books read by a girl of sixteen. At the head of this list come six titles by Walpole. Apparently he still appeals to adolescent girls. I hate to suggest that in this there is a clue to his wide popular appeal for a middle-brow public.

Thanks to Mr. Webster's review, I am off to the book store to buy the biography by Rupert Hart-Davis, and then to the library to borrow the novels to find out what on earth it was that had such an effect upon unsophisticated minds.

DAPHNE GILBERT-CARTER.

Baltimore, Md.

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Personal History. Even if you lack great literary skill or genius of any sort, there is hope for you to make your mark in the world of literature. For if you live in a crucial period of history (and what resident of this century can say that he does not?), have an acute eye and ear for the details of the workaday world about you, and are willing to record them and your reactions to them day by day and in considerable detail, you may be remembered after you are dead as a diarist. The stresses and strains of politics will be recorded in the diaries of those who occupy high places; the events that are sensational or in any way out of the ordinary will be written up by journalists; but when historians and novelists of the future seek to discover how life at mid-century seemed to ordinary citizens, they will have to turn to the diaries you and other average men kept. If you find all this a little difficult to believe, consider the case of the just-published diary of George Templeton Strong, reviewed below.

Resurrection of Memory

THE DIARY OF GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG. Edited by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Co. Four vols., 2,153 *pp.* $35.

By George Dangerfield

VEHEMENT, voluble, detailed, occasionally indiscreet, "The Diary of George Templeton Strong" is one of the richest veins of the raw materials of social and political history to have been opened for many years. Strong made his first entry on October 5, 1835, when he was a sophomore at Columbia College in New York, and Andrew Jackson was in the White House. When he made his last entry, forty years later, during the second administration of U. S. Grant, he had written nearly four and a half million words.

Not all have survived the judicious attentions of the Diary's editors; but enough remain to make an immense labyrinth, through which run four main topics or clues. There is the thread of New York social history—the drawing rooms, the clubs, the evenings at Wallack's Theatre and the Academy of Music, the round of calls on New Year's Day—winding in and out until it shrivels away in the glare and expense of the Gilded Age. There is the dogged and ultimately triumphant battle to rescue Columbia College from the "Boeotian fogeyism" of its board of trustees. There are the politics—involved, demure, and sometimes rather funny—of the Episcopalian Church. And, above all, there is the ebb and flow of national history through the streets and offices of New York—the financial panics, the great elections, the draft riots, the Copperheads, the tremendous roar after Appomattox, Black Friday.

The Diary remained hidden until 1927, when Mrs. George Strong Derby lent it to the museum of the American Red Cross, where it attracted no attention. In 1933 the present editors, Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas, heard about it, and undertook the truly formidable task of preparing it for publication. They have done a superb piece of work, a real public service, and one can only hope that the recognition, sometimes withheld from editors, will not be withheld from them. I do not think it will be, however; for "The Diary of George Templeton Strong" (a logical extension of Philip Hone's) seems quite certain, in due time, to be admitted to the very small assembly of great American diaries, those quarries from which (to borrow a figure of speech from Harold Nicolson) the historian, the novelist, and the antiquarian gathers each his little heap of stones.

—*From the book.*

George T. Strong—"modest and likable."

Strong hoped that his work would be published — eventually, posthumously, when it could hurt no feelings. Like most real diarists, who in this respect have a curious sense of humor, he wanted to have the last word, even though he would not hear it. But, like all true diarists, he wrote also and chiefly for himself. He needed to create an imaginary companion or confessor, resembling himself but not quite himself, to whom he could bring his interpretation of the day's or the week's events, and who could be relied upon for advice, consolation, encouragement, or warning. When the diarist is a man of genius, the imaginary companion is apt to be, to say the least, disconcerting—like Swift's austere, lunatic demon to whom, rather than to poor Stella, he confided his news — or Pepys's slithery pagan. Strong had no genius and no great literary skill—but the diary is the one form of literature which can get along perfectly well without either.

An optimist was needed. Outwardly Strong was a fortunate man—cultured, happily married, well placed in his father's law office, trustee of Columbia, vestryman and eventually comptroller of Trinity Church, president of the Philharmonic Society. He was a collector of fine books; he was a passionate amateur of music; he had an active civic conscience; and he had just enough money and social standing to indulge himself in all three directions. Inwardly, however, he was hounded by worries, which drove him to the verge of melancholia. He was also both fascinated and repelled by society, and in order to confront it he became for a while a dandy, wearing a monocle and no whiskers in a time when monocles were rare and whiskers prevalent. But he was essentially modest and likable, as the diary reminded him over and over again. It also told him (he was in constant terror of bankruptcy) that no man need fear poverty so long as there are sunsets and music. These and other simple admonitions, occurring throughout the book, give the whole massive record a certain buoyant charm, which is

George Dangerfield is the author of "The Era of Good Feeling."

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saved from fatuousness by Strong's determined opinions, his invincible and often disagreeable prejudices, and his keen eye for the absurd, the pompous, and the unprincipled. If he was not a born writer of prose, he was certainly a born writer of diaries.

The most contemporary aspect of this Diary would be, I think, its long story of the evolution of a first generation Republican. Originally, Strong was a Whig, a highly conservative Whig, who regretted the Federalists, and whose greatest bugbear was Thomas Jefferson. He was naturally disgusted by the election of 1840, when the Whigs became demagogues. His distaste for Irish and German immigrants led him to flirt with Native Americanism and later with Know-Nothingism, though he continued to vote the Whig ticket. In 1856, however, he became a "Black Republican" with Frémont and in 1860 (after many misgivings) he voted for Lincoln. A little later, he was calling himself an abolitionist, a word which a few years earlier would have seemed to him not only wicked, which was bad, but vulgar, which was worse.

In his Frémont days he did not so much advocate the rights of the slaves (he rather approved of slavery in the abstract) as deprecate the behavior of Southern gentlemen, whom he considered bullies and braggarts. A conservative New York gentleman, he did not want to be ruled by such people; hence his contempt for Buchanan and the Northern Democrats. But with the Civil War, he became an idealist; and with the Civil War, he entered history. He was made treasurer of that great civilian organization, the Sanitary Commission, which looked after the health of the troops, and which has not yet, perhaps, received all the recognition it deserves as a factor in the victory of the North. He came in touch with official Washington—with cabinet members (he has left an illuminating record of Stanton), with politicians, with generals, even with the President. He had at least two long interviews with Lincoln. On the one hand, the President was "a barbarian, Scythian, yahoo, or gorilla in respect of outside polish"; on the other, "his evident integrity and simplicity of purpose would compensate for worse grammar than his." Perhaps he did not see very deeply into Lincoln; few people did at the time. There is no mention in the Diary of the Gettysburg Address, and Strong was evidently puzzled by the Second Inaugural. But he rarely wavered from his early opinion that Lincoln was "the best President we have had since old Jackson's time." What is odd here is that Jackson should now be called a good President. Once upon a time, in Strong's demonography, he had ranked second only to Jefferson.

The third volume, so full of new material about the Civil War, is probably the most stirring of the four. After Lincoln's death, Strong remained a staunch Republican, hating Andrew Johnson, deeply suspicious of such men as Carl Schurz and the Liberals. He believed that Grant's experience as a military leader fully equipped him for the Presidency, and the events of the first administration did not shake his trust in Grant's "pachydermatous qualities." He did not realize that Grant was not so much an elephant as a mammoth—that, as President, he was historically extinct. But the scandals of the second administration were too much even for Strong's loyalty. He complained that Grant had got into the wrong hands. He began dimly to perceive that the Radical Republicans had bartered their ideals for an immense mess of pottage. Would the "election" of Rutherford B. Hayes have convinced him that here was the beginning of the new party which, in his dismay, he was beginning to long for—the party of "hard money, free trade and home rule"? Perhaps it would; Strong was not the most astute of political thinkers. But he died on July 21, 1875, at the age of fifty-five—too early for a man who, in spite of his worries and his melancholia, was so immensely fond of life, and who has conveyed his fondness to us in the pages of this wonderful book.

Wild & Wandering

JOHN COLTER. By Burton Harris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 180 *pp.* $3.50.

By Richard L. Neuberger

I READ Burton Harris's fine book about an American fur trapper when I was bivouacked in the valleys of the Athabaska and Whirlpool Rivers, in Canada's Jasper National Park. This is still a wild and savage realm, a land where the fur brigades dodged Indians and sub-Arctic blizzards long ago. The locale gave me an appreciation of the kind of man John Colter must have been, this frontier lad from Virginia who was the first member of the Lewis and Clark expedition to quit the party and strike off through the fastness on his own.

Even with the best of maps and equipment the domain seemed stern and challenging. One was grateful for the wisp of smoke on the horizon which indicated the comforting presence of the Canadian National Railway's Continental Limited. What if the smudge had meant Blackfoot hostiles bent on our scalps?

With understatement Burton Harris has described the brief career of an American who died at the age of thirty-nine and yet had time to trudge with the first pilgrimage to the Pacific Coast, to explore the vast reaches of the Rocky Mountains, and to discover the wonders of the Yellowstone, where hot water shot from the earth and the canyons were seamed with all the colors of Joseph's coat.

Burton Harris has written this book because he was brought up in the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming, where Colter could have been the first white man to set foot. Mr. Harris is not of the school

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Richard L. Neuberger, an Oregon state senator, has written many books about the Pacific Northwest. He is also the author of "Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris."

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of historians who put words in their subjects' mouths, thoughts in their minds, and hopes in their hearts. He sticks with fidelity to such facts as he has been able to distill from the faint remnants left to us of John Colter's past.

Where he is not certain of the events which took place, Mr. Harris uses tentative language. Thus he writes: "John Colter undoubtedly served as both guide and hunter for the party that went up the Jefferson River. His knowledge of the country may have been the reason for the excellent progress made."

This unquestionably is not as exciting as relating, word for word, what John Colter said to Meriwether Lewis as they were pursued by a grizzly bear, but Mr. Harris's cautious style does instill confidence in the reader interested in history.

The real John Colter was a person without too many emotions. He could be bilked by the company, shot at by Indians, or benumbed by cold without giving in to panic or tension. Indeed, w are relieved near the end of the book to discover that he is human, after all. One of Colter's companions, Thomas James, puts down that Colter, following innumerable narrow escapes, at last "promised God Almighty that he would never return to this region again."

Colter unquestionably lived on borrowed time after his most famous exploit with the Indians. In an ambush all his white companions were killed, but the Blackfeet saved Colter himself for a slower death. He was stripped naked and then set afoot over the dry uplands with 500 armed warriors in grim pursuit.

Fleet of foot and long of limb, Colter on his bleeding feet soon outdistanced all except one eager brave. By a quick dodge, like a football halfback, Colter caused the Indian to stumble. Then he pinned the Blackfoot to the sod with his own spear. Colter reached the Jefferson River and plunged beneath a log jam through which he could breathe. After a day in the icy water, the hunted man could crawl out. On hands and knees he traveled to Lisa's Fort in seven days and endured to fight the Blackfeet again.

After several other escapes nearly as harrowing, this man of great vitality paddled eastward to Missouri and married a girl known to Mr. Harris only as "Sally." Being true to what sketchy documents tell him and no more, Mr. Harris does not put Colter and Sally in bed with a running account of their murmurings to one another. He believes there was a son named Hiram and that the discoverer of the Yellowstone died of yellow jaundice in 1813.

Personal History Notes

FOSTER FAMILY: Ernest Cady is a newspaper man in a Midwest city. When he and his wife married they wanted a good-sized family. Their first-born, Jeff, was a pleasure to them both, and when necessary surgery sometime after his birth revealed that Betsey Cady could never have any more children it was a staggering blow.

By the time that Jeff reached the early grades of school his parents were reluctantly obliged to face the fact that he was displaying all the most objectionable characteristics of a thoroughly spoiled only child. Once they had decided on adopting a baby girl as a solution of their problem they supposed that everything would move quickly. That *they* might have to be investigated, that the placement agency might not be satisfied with their attitude about adoption, that they might have to wait, possibly for some months or even years, until a likely adoptive prospect turned up, had never even occurred to them.

Little Jane, who was to become Jeff's sister and greatest admirer, came to them when she was a year old. Beneath the cowed and dirty exterior which forlorn months in a dismal foster home had produced, Mrs. Cady could see the latent prettiness that love and good physical care soon brought out. Jane's advent did all for Jeff that the Cadys could have hoped, and in no time she was a much beloved member of the family. For Ernest Cady this would have been enough, but his wife had never relinquished her dream of four children. And so, when Jeff was eighteen and away in the army, and Jane was ten, they began their hunt for a new baby. This time they encountered an entirely new and equally unexpected series of objections from the agency, who were inclined to feel that with such long waiting lists of couples anxious for adoptive children, the Cadys ought to be satisfied with their one successful venture. Eventually, however, they adopted two more children, a boy and girl, each almost immediately after birth.

In **"We Adopted Three"** (Sloane Assoc., $3.50) Ernest Cady writes amiably and amusingly of their acquired family; he records, sometimes wryly, the strange attitudes to which people cling in connection with adoption, the cruel and thoughtless things that people say. Arguments with friends and acquaintances have evidently given him ample practice in marshalling his arguments in favor of adoption, and he makes a good case for it. Like any parent, he remembers some hilarious interludes in his children's lives, and some low moments when he would gladly have drowned the lot.

The Cadys' happy experience would probably offer a good many useful pointers to couples embarking on adoption of a child, and convince those who were just a little fearful of the idea that they were running no more risk with a baby acquired for adoption through reliable sources than they would be with children of their own flesh and blood.

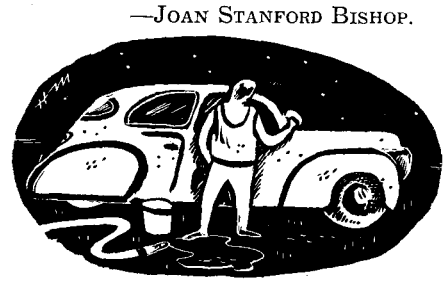
—PAMELA TAYLOR.

A STORY IN EVERY ROOM: When Helen Sherkanowski Rush put into the expectant hand of her sister Mary the lease to two adjoining Boston houses instead of the diamond earrings she had been instructed to buy, a business and a story began. Three years later, having moved to fine new quarters on the square below Bunker Hill Monument, the sisters were wondering what could possibly have led them into careers as rooming-house keepers. They have written a book, **"Rooms to Let"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), to prove they wouldn't have missed the experience for anything in the world.

Both were very young, one a nurse, the other the best civilian jeep driver at the Navy Yard; their only qualification as landladies was that they had grown up in the warm, bustling atmosphere of their Polish mother's boarding house in the West End. They found the owner's promised roomers—all professional people, she had said,—had moved out with her and all the promised furniture. The policeman on the corner explained that the word "professional" may be applied to "at least one occupation that vocational counselors don't recommend" and scolded the girls soundly for not investigating the premises more thoroughly before signing the lease. However, they made the best of a bad bargain, cleaned and refurbished the dirty, gloomy houses and sat down to await the first ring at the doorbell in answer to their newspaper notice of "Rooms to Let."

Those who rang the bell and moved in found a comfortable refuge in the hectic wartime restlessness of Boston in the early Forties. Their stories, pathetic, hilarious, or full of mystery and excitement, provoke the kindly interest or lively sense of the ridiculous of the two landladies.

—JOAN STANFORD BISHOP.



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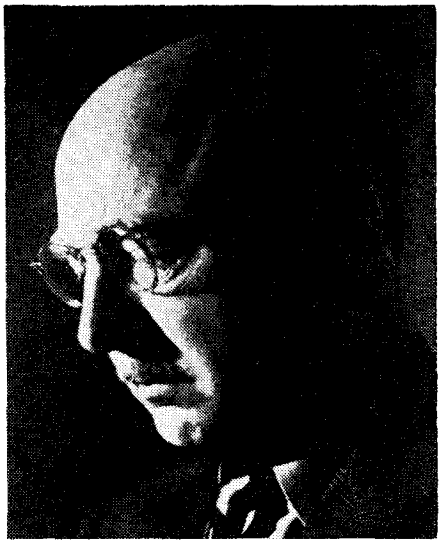
The Scorpions of Power

QUINCY HOWE



William L. Shirer—"more than dissent . . ."

WILLIAM L. SHIRER has added another chapter to the autobiography of our time.* It takes the form of a nostalgic travel diary of the journey he made during 1950 to Austria, France, Germany, and Britain and the recollections that absorbed him during and after his excursion. When Mr. Shirer first went to Europe in 1925, newly graduated from Coe College, he expected to return in two months. He stayed for fifteen years, with time out for a visit to India and a few quick trips to the United States, working first for the *Chicago Tribune* and eventually becoming Berlin correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Having covered the fall of France from the German side of the lines, he returned to the United States to write "Berlin Diary" and continue his broadcasting career. Several radio and newspaper assignments took him back to Europe, and in 1950 he revisited the four capitals he knew best—Vienna, Paris, Berlin, and London. Since then, he has taken permanent root in New York where he wrote this mid-century appraisal of the world in which he had seen and reported so much history in the making.

Whether Mr. Shirer fell in love with Mrs. Shirer because she is Viennese or whether he fell in love with Vienna, back in the early 1930's, because it is his wife's native city need not concern the reader of this volume. What concerned this reader was that the chapter called "Glimpse of an Indestructible City" gives more than a glimpse of the author at his excellent best. Here his literary talent, his reflective turn of mind, and his journalistic skill have combined to evoke the character of a people and a city that survived the civilization of the Hapsburgs and the barbarism of Hitler, only to find themselves fighting for their lives against the exploitation of Stalin.

In Mr. Shirer's book, forty million Frenchmen can be more wrong than six million Austrians. During the 1930's Dollfuss and Schuschnigg set the stage for Hitler to conquer Austria while Laval and Daladier dug the grave of France. In 1950 Mr. Shirer found more vitality in shattered Vienna than in unscathed Paris, and the Germans seemed to him utterly unregenerate and our State Department invincibly ignorant. Yet it is not necessary to hold the German people chiefly responsible for the agonies of our troubled century to agree with Mr. Shirer on two points. He may exaggerate the evil elements in the German national character, but he never pretends that no such thing as national character exists. Nor has Mr. Shirer qualified the harsh judgments he passed on the Germans during the war. Others who preached hatred of Germany ten years ago now preach hatred of Russia. Mr. Shirer still argues that we have more to fear from Germany than from Russia, especially from a rearmed Germany allied to Moscow. And he believes that a North Atlantic Treaty Army, incorporating German units, offers the best hope of checking Soviet aggression before it begins. He praises the United States for having maneuvered the United Nations into taking the kind of strong stand in Korea that the League of Nations never took in Manchuria, Ethiopia, or the Rhineland.

Nevertheless, the moral decay of France and the economic decline of Britain lead Mr. Shirer to sell Europe short. The anti-Communist hysteria here in the United States disturbs him even more, especially as it has curtailed academic freedom and free speech on the air. But what caused these worldwide evils that Mr. Shirer describes and deplores? As he interprets the events that have shaped our world, the tyranny of the Russian czars gave rise to the tyranny of the Russian Bolsheviks. The White Terror gave rise to the Red Terror. Fear of Communism gave rise to Fascism. The German Junkers and industralists raised Hitler to power. Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, Laval and Daladier, Chamberlain and Halifax abetted the Nazi *Drang nach Osten.* The Munich Conference threw Stalin into Hitler's arms. But the Nazis learned the tricks of their trade from the Communists; Stalin has survived Hitler. Half a century before Ortega y Gasset was describing the revolt of the masses, Nietzsche had already predicted it.

If Mr. Shirer were an ordinary journalist, his interpretations of current history would have the same interest as the events he has devoted so much of his life to reporting. But because he sees beneath the surface and has attempted in this book to draw some conclusions from his work during the past quarter century, those who admire that work may be permitted to express disappointment that he did not go beyond the judgments he has already delivered in his newspaper columns and radio broadcasts. The point is not that he should revise these judgments but that he should amplify them.

For instance, Mr. Shirer can retain and even justify all his suspicions of the Germans by pointing out that other peoples have shown symptoms of the same mass neuroses that Hitler cultivated. Indeed, the Soviet leaders from whom Hitler and Goebbels learned so much have in some respects caught up with and surpassed the Fuehrer himself. As for our own country, not all the current mass hysteria stems from *Red Channels,* Senator McCarthy, and the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Our revolt against reason not only opposes dangerous ideas; it opposes any ideas at all. More than dissent has come under attack. Opinion, thought, and free expression have all become suspect, not only in commercial radio and television but among the groves of Academe. But Americans have always gone to extremes; ultimately they trend to strike a balance. To despair of the Republic in view of certain current inanities is to succumb to ignorance as well as to despair. Moreover, the appearance of "Midcentury Journey" is no mere isolated phenomenon, but a sign of the times.

Quincy Howe, associate professor of journalism at the University of Illinois, is completing the second volume of his three-volume "World History of Our Own Times."

*MIDCENTURY JOURNEY: The Western World Through Its Years of Conflict. By William L. Shirer. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 310 pp. $3.50.

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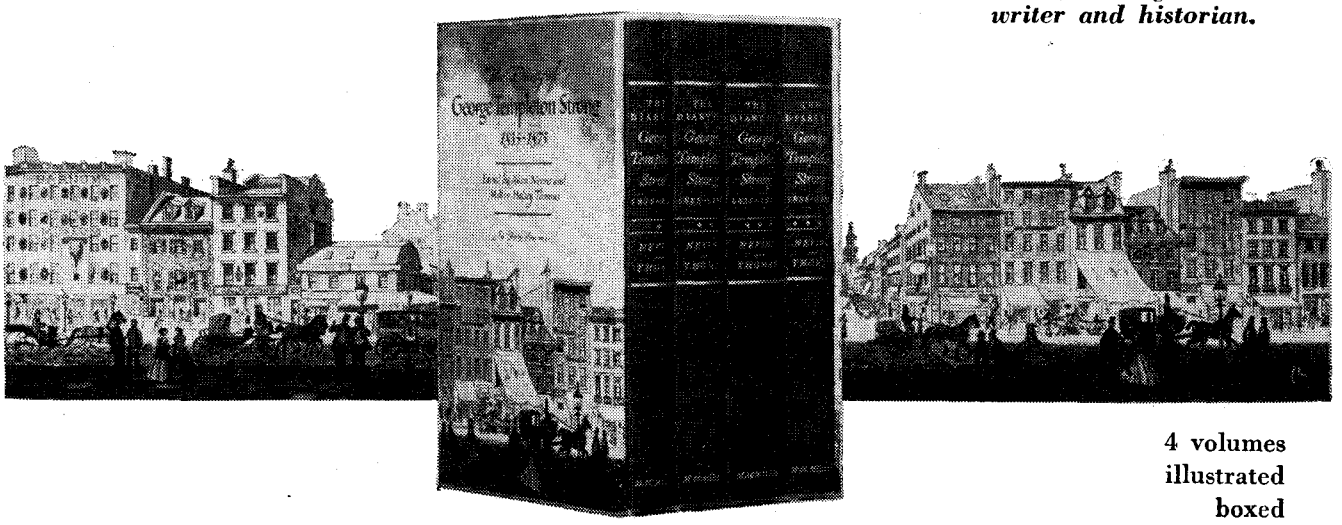

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Broadway Postscript

TAKING A READING

BEFORE making that lightning change out of seersucker and into a new Broadway season, it might be well to pause for a look at the present theatre climate. A pair of recent books plus a sheaf of newspaper clippings will serve as weathervane and anemometer.

John Gassner, who likes to anthologize anything he gets his hands on, has in his latest collection, "Best American Plays, 1945-1951" (Crown, $4.50), not only gathered together an excellent sampling of seventeen of Broadway's brightest, but has anthologized, as well, much of the prevailing opinion on the state of the theatre.

While Mr. Gassner indicates things are not well by labeling the drama of the past six years "a reprise with variations," in which language is limited and realistic representation has replaced the more intellectual and detached attitude of the Twenties, he seems to prefer the vitality of our theatre such as it is to what a literary elite would have it be. Himself an admirer of "The Cocktail Party," he at the same time rejoices that although "T.S. Eliot has captured a number of our graduate schools, he has not yet captured our theatre." He mitigates the case against the respected poet by pointing out that Eliot does not consider himself to be as good a playwright as do his followers. Yet later on in the volume the drama historian cannot resist praising William Inge's middle-class drama "Come Back, Little Sheba" by proclaiming, "It does not varnish a St. Louis background with a British accent. Is it for that reason any the less universal?"

As a matter of fact, Gassner finds considerable merit among our dramatic output, particularly in the work of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, both of whom are twice represented in his anthology as is Sidney Kingsley, whose "Detective Story" he describes as "Kingsley's Measure for Measure." He even goes so far as to call Robinson Jeffers's "Medea" the one distinguished high tragedy ever to be written by an American poet. In general, however, the liberal-minded Queens College professor voices a fear which was strengthened in *The New York Times* articles by James Thurber and Arthur Miller. Says Gassner, "That criticism of our way of life which had rarely been more than a lovers' quarrel in the Twenties could be construed as disloyalty in a tense and increasingly intolerant period." He goes on to predict that the sense of confidence and direction, even in negation, which gave us our first modern dramatists in the Twenties and Thirties would have to be recovered if the present decade was to prove sufficiently fruitful.

Turning to more practical matters, Gassner attacks "show biz" by intimating that the curtailment of the number of plays produced to one-third those presented in the Twenties was principally due to rising costs of production. These costs, he charges, leave no room for the mildly successful play or even for smash hits such as "Darkness at Noon" or "The Rose Tattoo," both of which failed to recover their original investments. "If a similar situation had existed in America and Europe twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five years ago," he states, "the modern theatre would have been deprived of most of its authentic masterpieces, including those by Ibsen, Strindberg, Chekhov, Shaw, Synge, and O'Casey."

The problem of rising costs is indeed a serious one. In England, where the expenses of production have been held down to about one-fourth what they are here, there are currently four times as many plays on the boards.

FOR further evidence of what sizable part low costs can play in a theatre which develops new playwrights, one has only to read playwright Lennox Robinson's official history of the theatre that has probably developed more writers for the stage than any in our time. Ironically, "Ireland's Abbey Theatre" (Macmillan, $6), which tells of a year-to-year struggle for survival and identity that was won through the austerity and devotion of its often rebellious members, is priced too high for the general reader. Because it comes complete with portraits of the famous personalities associated with it, plus cast listings of all plays presented in its first fifty-one years of operation, it is a must for the theatrical reference shelf. Because it implies that a permanent acting company, a willingness to produce unpopular contemporary plays, and a genuine humility where art is concerned are among the basic tenets of this kind of creative national theatre, it deserves a wider readership—particularly during a season when talk is liable to be cheap and production expensive.

—HENRY HEWES.

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NOT a week goes by that two or three ambitious souls don't call me with a "great idea" for a radio or television show. If they only knew how to get it to the right people at some network our fortunes would be made. I'm always taken in as a partner right away.

Some of the ideas are not too bad. But I tell one and all to forget about it. And if you don't mind I'd like to take this space to demonstrate how difficult it is to get a radio or television show started. I know.

Some five or six years ago I was employed by a network which we shall not mention by name, and I came up with an idea for a program to be called "CBS Was There." The gimmick was simple. We would take great historical moments and place microphones on the scene as if the network had had its reporters and commentators covering the events. They were to be absolutely factual, written after much research, with the only anachronism being the microphones and the popular newscasters of our present day.

I discussed the idea with a gentleman who shares this space with me, Robert Lewis Shayon, a brilliant producer-writer-director also employed at the network. He shared my enthusiasm for the idea and between us we wrote an outline, emphasizing not only the entertainment value of such a show, but mentioning that it would be a great device to highlight history for the average listener. We turned in our outline and awaited a reply.

After a couple of weeks of silence I asked what was happening to the idea. The executives in charge seemed to like it. There was one hitch. The title. They were debating whether to call it "CBS WAS There" or "CBS IS There." After a few more weeks I happened to be in the office of the president of the network on other business, but mentioned casually my idea. He hadn't heard of it but he liked it and said let's do it.

Mr. Shayon and I got busy on our first show—"Abraham Lincoln Attends Ford's Theatre." When the script was finished there was still no starting date for the show, so we decided to cut a record and see what we had. From the very opening when John Daly was discovered with a hand-mike in the lobby of Ford's Theatre describing the crowds awaiting the arrival of the President . . . "there's John Dyatt and Mrs. Helen Muzzy and there's John Wilkes Booth, the actor, he's not in the play this week, which is 'Our American Cousin' ". . . to the arrival of the President —a short interview with him at the microphone . . . "some people say I do wrong to go to the theatre, but it relaxes me and helps me to bear my cross" . . . then into the theatre—a softly spoken description by Daly as the play unfolded—the mention of the President's box where he sat in a rocker—then the shot—the sudden realization that a President had been killed—and then to the newsroom at the network where Quincy Howe and Ned Calmer were reading bulletins of the assassin's escape—then back to the house where Mr. Lincoln had been carried—following which an overseas broadcast by Queen Victoria, then to Paris, France, then to St. Petersburg, Russia, where there was a statement by Leo Tolstoy, and winding up with the funeral train.

The record was played around the shop and still nothing happened. One day I called in John Crosby, the eminent *New York Herald Tribune* critic, and played it for him. He gave it one of his rare rave reviews. And finally the show was put on the air as a half-hour weekly program.

The first year it won the Peabody Award. The following year it won other awards as well. And then suddenly there was a change of regime and a new executive was put in charge of radio programs. "CBS Was There No More." The show was taken off the air despite its prestige and the glowing fan mail it had received.

Now are you ready for the punch line?

"CBS Was There" under the new title of "You Are There" is scheduled to go on television for that network this season. And who do you think, so the story goes, is going to write, direct, and produce one of the first shows? That's right. The executive who took it off the air some years ago.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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A film triumph encompassing all the glorious pageantry, pulsing action and stirring romance of Sir Walter Scott's immortal novel.

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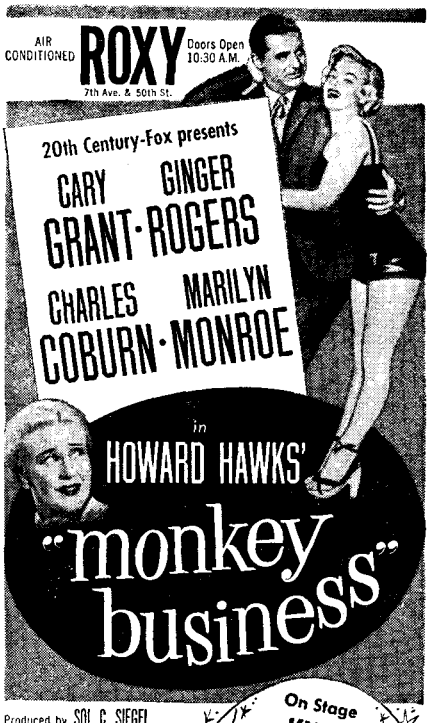

Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL
Directed by HOWARD HAWKS
Screen Play by BEN HECHT, CHARLES LEDERER and I. A. L. DIAMOND
Story by Harry Segall

On Stage KYLE MacDONNELL Heading an In Person Show

On the Ice Stage "Hawaiian Nights" starring ARNOLD SHODA

50¢ CHILDREN UNDER 12 ALL TIMES

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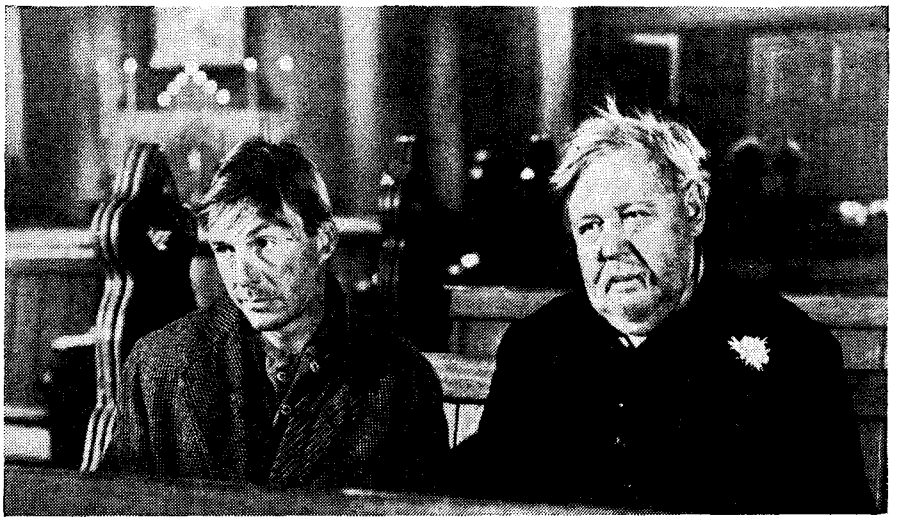
SR Goes to the Movies

HOMAGE TO O. HENRY, FUN WITH FAUST



David Wayne and Charles Laughton in repentant mood—"[O. Henry] faithfully rendered."

"WE are," wrote Lord Chesterfield, "more than half what we are by imitation. The great point is, to choose good models and to study them with care." This advice having penetrated to the precincts of Hollywood, it was only proper that the prosperous English filmings of Somerset Maugham short stories should have been chosen as models and scrutinized with attentive eyes. If W. S. Maugham could be anthologized on the screen, why not our own W. S. Porter? Accordingly, five directors, five screenwriters, and an imposing list of actors were assembled to grapple with the translation of O. Henry's succinct prose to the cinematic medium. The issue is to be seen in "O. Henry's Full House" (20th Century-Fox), a collection of five stories welded into a feature-length entity with narration by John Steinbeck.

After a few words in praise of O. Henry, Mr. Steinbeck takes down a volume from his bookshelves and begins to read the opening lines of "The Cop and the Anthem." In a moment we find ourselves in Madison Square ready to accompany Charles Laughton in his quest for a warm, annual, three-month incarceration in jail. The tribulations he undergoes in pursuit of this attainment are the concern of the story, and faithfully rendered it is, thanks to the adroit playing of Mr. Laughton and the idiomatic screenplay by Lamar Trotti. After watching Mr. Laughton's court arrest we are next shown Richard Widmark cannily endeavoring to evade it in "The Clarion Call." This is first-rate police drama, propelled by Mr. Widmark's energetic portrayal of a manic criminal bent on outwitting a world peopled with "clamheads," and it maintains a steady crescendo to the surprise ending. Next on the agenda comes "The Last Leaf." The locale shifts to Greenwich Village, where a broken-hearted Anne Baxter has lost the will to live and is rapidly succumbing to pneumonia. How she regains her *joie de vivre* is the affair of her neighbor, a voluble, cyclonic, half-mad painter, none other—in fact—than Gregory Ratoff, who pretty well steals the show from Miss Baxter and her worried sister, Joan Peters.

Were the picture to end at this point it could be pronounced an unqualified success. But it does not so end, and with the story that follows, "The Ransom of Red Chief," complaints must begin. Here the screen treatment does scant justice to O. Henry's wry prose; it is coarse where the author was subtle and relies on broad exaggeration where he depended on understatement. Moreover, with one exception it is inadequately cast. That exception is Fred Allen, an entirely believable confidence man prepared to inflict his worst on the bumbling citizenry of Summit, Alabama. But Oscar Levant as his accomplice is ill at ease, self-conscious, and poorly attuned to the part and to O. Henry's brand of humor, while Lee Aaker is merely a typical Hollywood brat instead of a formidable hayseed hellion.

The finale, "Gift of the Magi," suffers from no such grievous flaws, but it is clearly a rung below the standard set in the first three stories. To describe the fault is easier than to assign the cause. Its message of conjugal devotion and sacrifice is cloying, lachrymose, and eventually wearisome, but how much of this is due to the writing and direction, how much to the acting of Jeanne Crain and Farley Granger, and how much to its position as the last of five sequences is difficult to say. In truth, "O. Henry's Full House" may be too full, may contain at least one story too many; notwithstanding, it is well worth a visit.

* * *

Having made its first appearance in the early sixteenth century and subsequently taken the form of Elizabethan tragedy, philosophical drama, symphonic poem, grand opera, and fiction, the Faust legend has lately been reconsigned to the cinema. Since René Clair is responsible for the latter manifestation, both as scenarist and director, it should come as no surprise that his Faust is endowed with a spirited leavening of frolic. The old story is nothing if not malleable. It stimulated the rodomontade of Marlowe, served as framework for Goethe's appraisal of man and society, and gave Gounod a pretext for composing some of the most mellifluous melodies known to tenor and soprano. Should it not, then, do duty just as well in rallying the charming wit of René Clair? It should, and it has. "Beauty and the Devil" (filmed in Italy, spoken in French) is Faust without fustian—and an engaging entertainment throughout.

It begins in the traditional manner, with old Faust shuffling about his laboratory and poring over musty tomes, when the voice of Mephistopheles is heard tempting him with the return of his youth. Before long the doddering pedant has been transmogrified into a most undoddering young man who takes the form and figure of Gérard Philipe and is soon making merry with a band of comely gypsy girls. But wine, women, and song cost money. Faust fingers through his pockets without success, races back to his laboratory, and returns to the tavern with a bag of his own hard-earned coins. For so doing he is arrested and charged both with burglary and the murder of poor old Professor Faust, whose mysterious disappearance had been the source of much local conjecture.

The scene shifts to a courtroom where young Faust is about to be sentenced to the gallows. To save himself he begins to recount the entire "diabolical" adventure. "Faust," he announces, "is in this very courtroom." But publicity of this kind is not what Mephistopheles had bargained for, and to cut the story short he suddenly appears before the judge in the guise of Professor Faust himself to explain

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away his absence. For the sake of appearances Mephistopheles must now continue to live as Professor Faust while the real Faust disports himself as a lusty youth. This is a fortunate turn of events, in that it keeps Mephistopheles in the thick of the plot. As played by Michel Simon, he is by all odds the most attractive character in the film, filled with a keen sense of hyperbole, amused at his own fiendishness, taking an equal delight in good food, pretty women, and the caprices and foibles of mankind. And in marked distinction to earlier prototypes, this Mephistopheles is far from being an infallible ambassador of evil; he makes mistakes and on occasion must implore Lucifer to help him out of a jam.

Eventually, one of his miscalculations releases Faust from his infernal compact and provides the picture with a happy ending. But before this denouement arrives there is a procession of scenes bristling with high comedy. I write "high comedy" advisedly, for René Clair is saying something to us as well as amusing us. His version of Faust is a parable on the dangers of scientific discovery and the bitter fruits of absolute power. But the message is urbanely stated and never impedes the sense of fun. Fantasy of this kind is René Clair's forte. Anyone who relished "The Ghost Goes West" (and what a relishing delight that was) should not be disappointed with "Beauty and the Devil."

—Roland Gelatt.

SR Recommends

O. Henry's Full House: Reviewed in this issue.

Beauty and the Devil: Reviewed in this issue.

You for Me: The Golden Rule takes a beating in a minor but entertaining comedy. (*SR* Aug. 30.)

The Quiet Man: John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

The Big Sky: An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (*SR* Aug. 16.)

Son of Paleface: Bob Hope in a "wild man" film reminiscent of Keaton and Lloyd. (*SR* Aug. 9.)

Ivanhoe: A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classis. (*SR* Aug. 2.)

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combatting his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a pictorially vivid apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

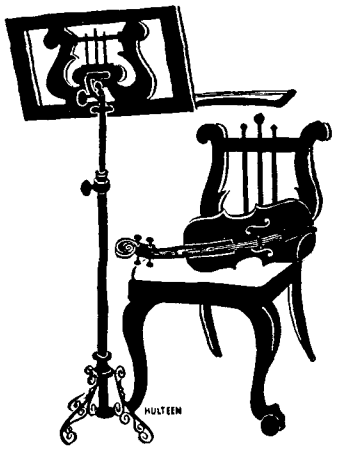
Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Music to My Ears

OPERA HOUSES COAST TO COAST

Chicago.

TWENTY North Wacker Drive is, perhaps, not the most famous address in this Mecca, but it is one of sufficient significance to draw the musical pilgrim to it at the earliest opportunity a visit provides. By walk-



ing straight through Randolph, or Monroe, or Clark from State, it may be reached with a minimum of footwork by the wary. Being both ignorant and allergic to asking questions, I walked boldly to the edge of the Chicago River knowing that was where Wacker Drive could be found. When I had trudged a dozen blocks along its winding course, I had learned that West and East are terms to respect in this city as well as North.

Nevertheless, the mistake had its merits, for it showed me, from the side angle of approach, some of the special facets of this amazing structure; the lofty office building that forms the central spire of this Insull-conceived pile, flanked on one side by the Civic Theatre (currently occupied by ABC-TV) and on the other by the Civic Opera (currently occupied by nothing).

Thanks to someone's oversight, one door and then another swung open at my tentative touch, and soon I was edging into the long, sweeping, semi-darkened auditorium with its marathon run of nearly fifty rows from rear wall to footlights. The house was lit just right for the curtain rise and, by slipping into a side aisle seat, I could mentally put myself in readiness for any command performance I might wish—"Don Giovanni" with Rossi-Lemeni, "Norma" with Maria Callas, or while fancy was footloose, "Madama Butterfly" with Renata Tebaldi. Just as the invisible conductor was about to drop his baton on the first chord, I rose and walked out, not wanting to subject the illusion to the test of actuality.

However, it was plain to see that in the strong flight of tiers to the highest gallery, this was a house suitable for worthy things. Its sight lines, in particular, are excellent. How the long, prevailing, narrow space would respond acoustically there was no way of telling, though the deep overhanging superstructure suggested that the rows beneath might be muffled. Its size however, adapts it well to the condition of today—plenty of seats of all kinds, plenty, especially, of seats in the cheaper categories.

Both in exterior beauty and functional interior, Twenty North Wacker Drive is handily surpassed by the handsome structure on Van Ness Avenue where the San Francisco Symphony does business most of the winter, and the San Francisco Opera is heard during the fall. Its spacious foyers have more than a small suggestion of any city's Union Station; but the auditorium itself is warm and inviting; appreciably shallower than the Chicago Civic, but ample enough, surely, for all usual purposes.

The grand sweep of the single tier of boxes blending almost imperceptibly into the balconies beyond was so widely pictured during the organizational meeting of the United Nations that the eye accepted it at once as something both familiar and satisfying. What was, in actual fact, more eye-opening, was the spacious backstage area where a whole season's repertory of, say, a dozen and a half works can be accommodated at one time; the twin cycloramas, for close-up and distant backgrounds; the shop-space in which a production can be constructed, entire, on the premises; the paint bridge where able hands were busy at work preparing drops for the season that begins later this month.

Whether, on balance, North Wacker Drive or Van Ness Avenue houses the space most suitable in America for a major operatic activity, it is plentifully evident from the merest cursory view that both are measurably superior to the dear old shabby Metropolitan where that activity abides. Since there can be no misunderstanding of the term "shabby," I hasten to add that "dear" is used here not as a term

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of affection but of indebtedness—the kind of indebtedness that shows up at each season's end in the loss column.

I have long mused over the paradox that Chicago has an opera house but no opera company, and New York has an opera company but no opera house. Observing the workable, flexible plant in San Francisco, which is an opera house as many weeks in the year as the interest of the local public warrants and a concert hall the rest of the time, the conviction deepens that not until New York comes around to a similarly realistic view of the problem will its situation be improved.

Before this, however, New York must come around to a fractional part of the community spirit that animates other areas, for this is not going to be any one-man job, any more than it was in San Francisco or Chicago. To be sure, the impetus for the sorely needed new music center in New York is not going to come from a block-dance or a neighborhood rally; but the inertia of bigness will not be displaced save by a concerted prod from some low-level starting point, since those in the top echelon seem to have no mind for this (if for anything). Having seen the valid reasons that exist for the musical San Franciscan or Chicagoan to point with pride I am more than ever appalled by the New Yorker's complacency in the only display possible for him—shirking for shame.

—Irving Kolodin.

EDUCATION BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 21)

eral Education in Theory and Practice" is unique in the literature on general education. It may mark a trend away from polemics à la Hutchins, Hook, *et al.;* and from descriptions of operating programs. Instead, Mr. Wynne presents a studious analysis of the principles which he claims should characterize general education whether found in specialized courses, vocational courses, or in courses specifically designed for it.

"General education," he writes, "refers primarily to general qualities of experience, or to general qualities of personality which represent the cumulative effect of general qualities of experience." Conceived thus as character education, the principles of general education should be the same at the elementary, secondary, and college levels; good for all people under all circumstances; emphasized by every teacher. Because this view of general education signifies a way of life, "there can be just as many conceptions of general education as there are definable ways of life." Systematically applied it would involve reconstruction of the whole educational program on the college level.

What are these qualities of experience which the author says experience itself has demonstrated as desirable? He analyzes them into six categories: functional contingency, widening sociality, pervasive interest, creative originality, intelligent choice, and reflective purpose. Teaching method, broadly conceived, is therefor the *leit motif* of general education, since even in emphasizing subject matter, teachers should not forget the qualities of experience that students are having while they are acquiring it.

Professor Wynne's treatment is provocative to those who are interested in general education, and timely in sharply underscoring its implication for democratic values. Democracy requires the development of the individualistic virtues, such as initiative, responsibility, intelligence, self-reliance, resourcefulness, and cooperation, which he maintains may be developed through the qualities of experience implicit in general education as he conceives it. Concentration of attention entirely on prescribed subject matter, on the other hand, develops and fosters the authoritarian qualities of obedience, docility, contentment, subordination, subserviency, and conformity. In thus confining their attention to the mere means of education, many teachers and critics of the schools "ignorantly and innocently are cooperating with the autocrats and totalitarians in fostering the qualities of experience that support their way of life."

"General Education in Theory and Practice" provides a thoughtful and challenging analysis, although communication of the author's meaning is occasionally impeded by his categorical treatment. Some further reference to the literature of general education and illustrations drawn from current programs would doubtless have made the presentation easier to grasp and more meaningful.

Equality in All

WORKERS' EDUCATION AT THE UNIVERSITY LEVEL. By Irvine L. H. Kerrison. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 177 *pp.* $3.

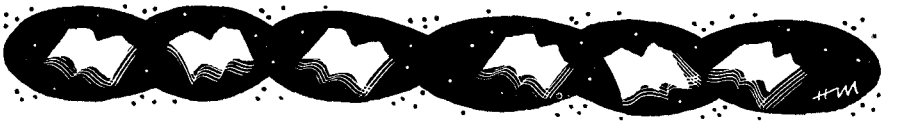
By Theodore Brameld

BY THE phrase "workers' education," Irvine L. H. Kerrison, an associate professor in the Institute of Management and Labor Relations at Rutgers University, means adult learning geared to needs stemming directly from affiliation with organized labor. In this definition he is in accord with most professional leaders in the field, and he is also the exponent with them of one of the most controversial movements in American education.

Despite some thirty years of struggle, workers' education today is far from sufficiently recognized or supported. Dr. Kerrison's earnest survey of efforts by universities and colleges is not, therefore, especially heartening. Although he finds more than fifty institutions sponsoring some kind of activity, and although modest growth is recorded for the past decade, typical offerings still appear poorly financed, sporadic, and cautious.

Dr. Kerrison's proposals for accelerating workers' education derive largely from the experience of such relatively fruitful projects as the University of Wisconsin's School for Workers, now completing some thirty years of continuous operation. Every activity, he suggests, should focus upon the immediate interests of students—collective bargaining, for example. It should provide maximum participation and avoid the formality of professor-centered classrooms. It should utilize experimental, progressive methods, such as audio-visual aids and group dynamics. It should be planned and conducted with the utmost cooperation of workers. Whenever possible, teachers should have had direct experience in the labor movement. Eventually, universities should establish full departments of workers' education with personnel and courses equal to those of, say, business administration. A substantial part of the cost should be borne by federal aid, following the long precedent of agricultural extension services.

Why these commendable rules and objectives are so slow to materialize is only partially explained by Dr.



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Kerrison. The dispute between university extension divisions and the American Federation of Labor as to how federal funds should be controlled; the suspicion of business-dominated university boards of regents toward labor; the skepticism of labor toward academicians; the reluctance of many adult educators to provide specialized education for trade unionists despite eagerness to provide it for farmers or businessmen —these factors help to account for the shelving of Congressional bills thus far introduced, and for the paucity of current programs. What they do not account for is the large degree of indifference or even hostility toward strong workers' education within the labor movement itself.

For, granting notable exceptions, the fact remains that workers' education is by no means a major concern among most of those whom it is designed to benefit. Indifference results from the belief of too many old-line labor leaders that trade unions are little more than pressure groups out to win the largest possible financial returns. Hostility results from fear on the part of other leaders that workers' education might give rank-and-file members fresh ideas as to how unions ought to be run. Both causes may be traceable to a weakness in the American labor movement much less chronic in countries like England: the lack of a democratic, future-looking philosophy of, by, and for organized labor.

So long as the average trade union considers itself primarily an accessory of prevailing economic, social, and political routines, just so long, also, is it likely to accept the kind of education already established to perpetuate them. In times of "prosperity," such as the present, labor is even more likely to remain content, and to exert little militant effort in behalf of learning tailored to the problems of working adults. By avoiding the ticklish question of a labor philosophy adequate for the mid-century, Dr. Kerrison no doubt hopes to promote his worthy cause on the "functional" level of conditions as they are. Unfortunately, however, it is precisely conditions as they are that most urgently demand examination if workers' education is to become the powerful force for democratic reconstruction that it deserves to become in a nation already including sixteen million trade-union members.

Theodore Brameld is professor of educational philosophy at New York University and editor and co-author of "Workers' Education in the United States" and other books.

Greatest Mystery

IN SEARCH OF SELF. By Arthur T. Jersild. New York: Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University. 125 *pp.* $2.75.

By Bonaro W. Overstreet

I AM already planning the phrases in which to recommend this book to lecture audiences this Fall. The phrases have to be right; for I want people not only to know that the book exists but to read it—with eyes and minds and imaginations in good order.

This is one way of saying that I think Dr. Jersild has done an important job. He has, moreover, done it so simply, and has raised so few walls of polysyllabic terminology between his materials and his readers, that the impact of this small book, made up of twenty-three small chapters—some of them no more than three or four pages in length—is a large impact. Ostensibly, it is a book for educators; and I cannot believe that any teacher or administrator can read it without being both disturbed and inspired. But also it is a book for every parent

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and citizen who is concerned about the growth of children into a fulfilled adulthood.

What Dr. Jersild does is to make a telling unity out of three elements. The first is what some of us rate as virtually the number one insight of modern psychotherapy: the fact that the prime determinant of an individual's ability to handle life, and handle it well, is his "self-concept," his notion of the kind of person he is. Upon this depends his readiness to rally his powers for the meeting of real situations or his dissipation of those powers in anxious self-concern and unrealistic self-defense.

Having clarified this insight, and shown its unmistakable importance, the author brings it to bear upon the findings derived from one specific research project,—a project that has involved some three thousand students, ranging from fourth grade through college, in an honest, self-exploratory effort to report on the topics, "What I Like About Myself" and "What I Dislike About Myself."

Let no one of us think, as parent or teacher, that he knows offhand how young people are privately appraising themselves or the effect of their self-appraisals upon their social and academic conduct! We know the surface behaviors of our children and young people; but this is a very different matter, as Dr. Jersild's report shows, from knowing what is on their minds when they begin to think about themselves.

The third element in the book's creative unity– though not third in sequence, as it is intimately tied up at every point with the research itself —is a tentative but penetrating analysis of what these three thousand self-estimations imply about school curricula and methods, as these are and as they might be.

Public schools today are much in the public eye. At no time since their inception have they been so consciously fought over and thought over. Their policies for a long time to come may depend upon conclusions reached, within the next few years, by our citizens at large—many of whom express opinions and cast votes that influence our schools without ever having seriously studied what is at stake in the education of a human being.

Bonaro W. Overstreet is the author of "How To Think About Ourselves," "Understanding Fear," and "Courage for Crisis." Mrs. Overstreet has been on the staff of the University of Michigan, the University of California, and Mills College.

New Books on Education

AN ATLAS OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By John D. Millett, Vincent F. Kotschar, and William V. Campbell. New York: Columbia University Press. 60 pp. $2.50. Maps of each state, showing the location of colleges and universities to determine their geographical diversity. Prepared for the Commission on Financing Higher Education. Analysis of the present data is to be published separately.

BETTER LEARNING THROUGH CURRENT MATERIAL. By Lucien Kinney and Katharine Dresden. Stanford, Cal.: Stanford University Press. 215 pp. $3.

USING CURRENT MATERIALS TO STUDY CURRENT PROBLEMS. By Jean D. Grambs. Stanford, Cal.: Stanford University Press. 32 pp. $1.

Kinney and Dresden have revised their successful 1949 edition: a wide range of visual aid and student panel techniques in discussion and understanding of contemporary society on a high school level. The Grambs booklet is a companion study for teachers, suggesting assignments that are based on the Kinney and Dresden book.

CHOOSING THE RIGHT COLLEGE. By Annette Turngren. New York: Harper & Bros. 149 pp. $2.50. Brief discussions on "why college," scholarships, careers, and college ratings, with a listing of colleges in terms of their specialties, are presented in a vastly over-simplified fashion.

COLLEGE AND YOU. By Calvin S. Sifferd. Bloomington, Ill.: McKnight & McKnight. 111 pp. $2.50. A college counselor dramatizes the problems students are likely to encounter in a small college as against those in a state university by having a father write letters to his son and daughter. These didactic letters display occasional humor as do the numerous illustrations by Perry N. Ragouzis.

COLLEGE NAMES: Their Origin and Significance. By Albert Keiser. New York: Bookman Assoc. 184 pp. $3. This fairly complete reference book traces the christening of American colleges, their prime benefactors, and other assorted information, listing the colleges alphabetically.

THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL PROGRAM IN HOME ECONOMICS: A Report of a Five-Year Study of Twenty Minnesota Schools. By Clara Brown Arny. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 319 pp. $4.75. A detailed statistical survey, which lists the strength and weaknesses of the system, with appraisals and recommendations.

LANDMARKS IN THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION. By T. L. Jarman. New York: Philosophical Library. 323 pp. $4.75. A highly readable and informative study of the relation of England's educational institutions to that of the general European tradition. The author, a prominent British educator, with seven-league-boots traverses ancient, medieval, and modern fields of education.

MORAL AND SPIRITUAL VALUES IN EDUCATION. By William Clayton Bowers. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press. 214 pp. $3.50. This book packs a considerable amount of experience gathered from a three-year study of Kentucky's public schools. It deserves considered attention by teachers alert to the needs and problems of young minds. Actual classroom situations are analyzed and a meaningful teaching approach is outlined in sound, humane terms.

TEACHER-LEARNING THEORY AND TEACHER EDUCATION: 1890 to 1950. By Walter S. Monroe. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. 425 pp. $6.50. This scholarly study minutely examines the extensive literature on educational theory applied or advocated on all school levels from kindergarten to college. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 23*)

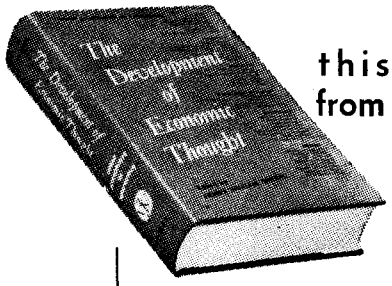
pious intent. There seems at the end to be some vague desire to preach a sermon about how "bloodless, flabby, and lacking in conscience" the world of man has become. But the insistent clamor of the sin drowns out the sermon. To paraphrase an epigram once made about Bernard Shaw, Mr. Burns in this novel has stated the banal in terms of the vicious.

—JAMES GRAY.

LOVE LETTER FROM DOWN-UNDER: Nevil Shute's earliest books established him as one of the most gifted story-tellers among popular novelists. Two years ago he and his family left England to build a house near Melbourne, and become "New Australians." The success of the experiment is reflected in every page of **"The Far Country"** (Morrow, $3.50), Mr. Shute's first novel since the move. Here he is telling the story of Jennifer Morton, twenty-four, nice-looking, a sensitive, capable English girl who inherits 400 pounds and instructions to spend them on a visit to some Australian cousins whom she has never seen. Circumstances have brought the present difficulties and grim prospects for the future of life in post-war England into sudden focus in Jennifer's mind, and existence in Australia sounds expansive and agreeably different. An independent girl, however, she insists that she must take a job as soon as she has paid a brief visit to her relatives who, their hard years of sheep ranching behind them and their own children grown, are enjoying the results of the high wool prices.

Life in Australia has many facets: to young and resilient Jennifer it presents one, to the "New Australians" whom she meets, coming out at government expense, many of them from the DP camps of Europe, with the agreement that they work for two years as directed, it holds another promise. For many who came during earlier years it has been hard, whatever the present benefits. But its magnificent landscape, its possibilities in terms of personal liberty and material comfort are there to be realized by any with initiative, imagination, and courage. Against this backdrop, Jennifer's moving love story unfolds.

Although Mr. Shute obviously had his personal reasons for writing a story like this, it is by no means a propaganda novel. Rather, it is an absorbing tale about convincing and sympathetic people first, and only



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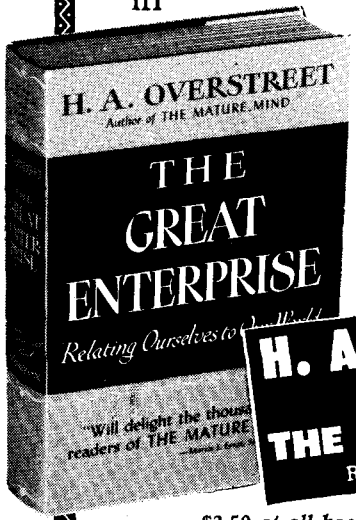
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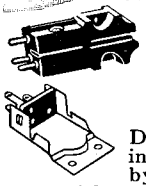

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secondarily a persuasive picture of Mr. Shute's new home—and love.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

LOVABLE PAWN: Seventeenth century France, which served Arthur Meeker so well in one of his early novels, "The Ivory Mischief," is the scene also of his latest, **"The Silver Plume"** (Knopf, $3). Here he creates a fascinating and richly detailed picture of life and intrigue at the court of the boy Louis XIV. The title refers to the *meche blanche*, a distinguishing hereditary mark of the Ducs de Rohan, leaders of the French Protestants. To young Tancrede de Rohan, this silvery forelock was of great importance. Raised in Holland as Charles Potenijk, a foundling apprenticed to a cloth merchant, he was suddenly, at the age of fourteen, taken to Paris to become the pawn of a mother and a sister, equally ambitious, in an endless series of lawsuits, plots, and counter-plots for control of the Rohan titles and estates. But whether the young son, whom the Duchess had borne secretly while on an errand of diplomatic importance for her exiled husband, was indeed the heir to the gallant Duc's name could never be proved, due to his mother's notorious promiscuity.

As the central figure of this slight but charming historical tale young Tancrede is developed as an endearing figure, appealing in his loneliness and confusion. For the actual existence of this much fought-over figure we must take the author's word, as he does not appear in the general historical accounts of the de Rohan fortunes, and since this is a novel, not factual history, Mr. Meeker does not

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
NIGHTMARE IN DUBLIN *Philip Loraine* (Mill-Morrow: $3)	Touring photographer runs into weird adventures in Ireland and England, including corpse that doesn't belong.	Atmosphere clogs story, which shuttles from routine to razzle-dazzle.	No world-beater
RIDDLE ME THIS *Mike Roscoe* (Crown: $2.50)	K.C. private eye slain; pal takes over vengeance job; blood flows, bones splinter.	Women, largely fervent, loom large and frequent; prose and dialogue staccato.	Typical toughie
THE CORPSE WITH STICKY FINGERS *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Body (real) in N.Y. dept. store window gains Inspector Schmidt's attention; solution achieved in due course.	Art of fenestral display given full treatment; story itself rather plodding.	Run of the typewriter
ALIAS UNCLE HUGO *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Tommy Hambledon, British foreign agent, slides behind Iron Curtain to recover throneless boy king.	Usual combination of smart-alecky and derring-do, here well brought off.	Lively
THE BLOODY BOKHARA *William Campbell Gault* (Dutton: $2.50)	Oriental rug dealer jolted from business rut when body turns up in goods.	Technical data good, but story moves slowly.	Average
THE MADELEINE SMITH AFFAIR *Peter Hunt* (British Book Centre: $2.50)	Retelling, with much new material, of Scotland's most famous case (1857): poisoning of lover boy.	Excellent reconstruction which traces lady in case to death in U.S. (1928) at age of 92.	Grade A specialty
THE DAY I DIED *Lawrence Lariar* (Appleton: $2.75)	Disillusioned youth insures self with racketeer for final Miami fling; repents; fights for life like people.	Wordiness sets drag on plot that strains credulity; stock characters largely on un-nice side.	Fantastic

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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divulge where in his study of the period he obviously knows and loves he has uncovered references to the boy.
—P. T.

PEACE BY HYPNOSIS: A former newspaperman and public relations officer with the British Government, Francis Williams has been thinking some long and not very cheerful thoughts about the prospects for world peace. He has also latched on to a fairly cute science-fiction gimmick which could set the world on its collective ear. He uses both thoughts and gimmick in **"It Happened Tomorrow"** (Abelard, $2.50), a yarn about a scientist who has discovered a way of using supersonic broadcasting to accomplish something like mass hypnosis. After a brief and funny tangle with the patent medicine racket the guileless scientist decides to devote his invention to the cause of world peace. Before you know it the President of the United States, the Prime Minister of England, and Stalin himself are all involved in Mr. Williams's plot and everybody is running around like crazy. This gives Mr. Williams a chance to get rid of some of his aforementioned thoughts about world peace but adds up to something less than an engrossing novel despite some nice satiric touches along the way. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

AVANT-GARDE WESTERN: Warren Carrier is giving the old Oedipus theme a thorough if somewhat confusing workout in a new avant-garde number called **"The Hunt"** (New Directions, $2.75). It seems Hero Chris had a lot of trouble with his pa from way back and furthermore was emotionally entangled more than a little with his mother. So, when his brother George seduced his wife, Alma, and fathered her child it was quite natural that Chris should bop Pa against a door and kill him. All this happened before the book opens and is gradually revealed, if I'm not overstating the case, to us by means of some pretty fancy flashbacks. The main line of the story has to do with Chris's flight into some Far Western mountains along with his brother and his girl friend and pursued by a posse. By the time all three principals reach their grim ends you're likely to be pretty tired of their involved but fairly routine psychosexual problems. Mr. Currier's turgidly fanciful prose doesn't help things.
—E. J. F.

ROMANCE RIDES THE RAILS: For quite a way the plotting in **"The Green Land"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3), Zola Ross's action romance of the Washington Territory during the early 1870's, is solid, smooth, and unobtrusive. The conflict between Dr. Raleigh Mead, who is kindly, unassuming, and

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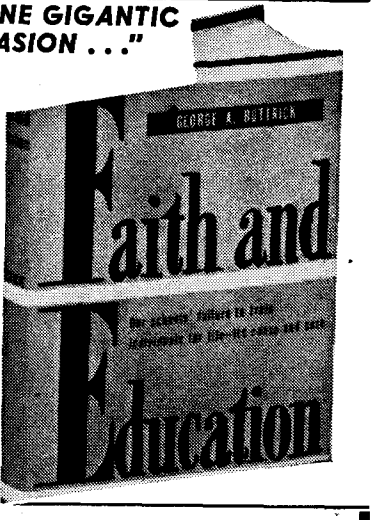

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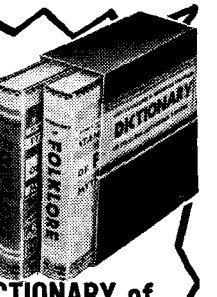

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conciliatory, and his wife Caroline, who is aggressive, direct, and domineering, provides the mainspring of the story. How can these two who love each other despite their temperamental incompatibility be brought together? But there's more than that: there are the problems of land speculation and the linking up of the territory with the rest of the country by railroads; and there are some pretty suspicious activities involving the slippery Art Winters and the drink-crazed Indian Skookum Jack. Along about the middle, things get a little thick for even Mrs. Ross's persuasive pen. Melodrama, coincidence, misunderstandings, and abrupt changes of character are required to straighten everything out. But straightened out things are, even though an earthquake, a murder, a near lynching, and quite a lot of soul-searching are required to get the railroad into Tacoma and Caroline into the arms of Raleigh.

—E. J. F.

LOWDOWN ON A GREAT LOVER: Vitaliano Brancati is an Italian writer with genuine narrative skill whose work is new to English-speaking readers. His attempt to fuse social satire, some ribald sex comedy, and a few thoughts on Fascism and anti-Fascism into a persuasive whole in **"Antonio, the Great Lover"** (Roy, $3) is not altogether successful. The central situation is nicely conceived. Antonio is that legendary character, the Great Lover. Women have but to see him to long to pop into his bed. His reputation extends not only through his native Sicily but into Rome and the highest circles of the government. This way with women naturally is not the envy of all men but it brings Antonio political preferment. When an unsuccessful marriage reveals that not only is Antonio no great lover but he is—and has been—impotent, the repercussions are tremendous. Viewed as a comic situation this has obvious possibilities for Latin humor, and Mr. Brancati has used every possibility. He has also used a few more. In fact he has milked the situation so thoroughly that even his amiable style, his flashes of incisive wit, and his genuine comic inventiveness cannot sustain interest for the full length of his entertainment. The thoughts on Fascism are fuzzy. —E. J. F.

VILLAINY IN THE DARK: For a while I was afraid that Mark Derby's second novel, **"Element of Risk"** (Viking, $3), was going to turn out to be one of those amnesia numbers. Actor John Wrax is having quite a bit of trouble with his memory when the story opens. So he gives up the fine role which would have made him the rival of Laurence Olivier and retires to a lonely cottage in Somerset. But don't think it stays lonely. Before you know it he's up to his elbows in a mysterious murder case involving the beautiful dipsomaniac Shell and any number of sinister gents, most of whom turn out to be spies. There's quite a lot of running around the countryside and the darker streets of London, all in a tradition that's supposed to be like John Buchan's. And there's a pretty gruesome episode when it looks like our hero is going to be buried alive in a damp mine full of rats and unpleasant villains. He not only escapes this horrid fate but he thwarts all the villains, recovers his memory, sets London by its ears with a brilliant performance, and marries the dipsomaniac.

The plotting of all this is loose and frantic and occasionally you get the feeling that you're caught on a roller-coaster that has gone berserk. If you'll just settle for action and forget logic, however, you have an all right time. Don't believe those comparisons with Buchan and Greene, however. Not for this number.

—E. J. F.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 482

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 482 will be found in the next issue.

Z YXWZV TZSR QWPQKW

VONSM VOWR ZXW

VONSMNSY LOWS VOWR

ZXW TWXWKR

XWZXXZSYNSY VOWNX

QXWAHBNGWC. LNKKNZT

AZTWC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 481

The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs.

—G. K. CHESTERTON

FLOODS INTO IOWA

(*Continued from page 16*)

pus, university extension, TV, state, town, and country government, the people, and the press. Iowans on the air met and wrestled not with social, political and economic abstractions over which they have small control, but with such specific, manageable town and county issues as school district reorganization, municipal water-systems, rebuilding county courthouses, teen-age recreation centers, etc. They proved that given the opportunity (which in this instance TV provided) they can speak up, dissent, vote, clarify the public mind, and move or not move as they see fit. And they did it with integrity, intelligence, authentic American forensic and—networks please note—sophistication and wit.

Were it not for grants from the Ford Foundation, the Joint Committee on Educational TV would not have been set up and adequately financed to spearhead the campaign which resulted in the Federal Communications Commission's setting aside of channels for future non-commercial license applicants. And now the JCET, with further grants, is working to help educators employ those reserved channels usefully.

In radio, Ford money has enabled the National Association of Educational Broadcasters to organize, extend, and promote their tape network sharing BBC, CBC, Australian, and some American exchange features. Beginning this month, the first series of NAEB-produced shows, Ford-financed, hits some forty of the network's stations. "The Jeffersonian Heritage," starring Claude Rains, is to be based on the research, writing, and advice of Professor Dumas Malone of the Department of History of Columbia University. Its goal is to "reflect the American ideology as Jefferson saw it . . . [that] human considerations come first and the sanctity of the personality and freedom of the mind are the most precious of human possessions."

Soon, probably in October, "Ways of Mankind," a series of anthropology broadcasts, will be released; it is being produced for the NAEB by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. November is the starting date for yet another ambitious undertaking, "People Under Communism," full-hour broadcasts "based on documented evidence and expert knowledge about the power and intentions of the Soviet Union." This series is produced "in consultation with scholars from the

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Russian Institute of Columbia University, the Russian Research Center at Harvard University, and the Hoover Institute and Library at Stanford University."

I have listened to representative programs in the three radio series and read some scripts. Milton Geiger, who alternates with Morton Wishengrad in writing the Jefferson programs, has written a bright, fanciful, and provocative piece, "The Democrat and the Commissar," in which Jefferson, assisted by Benjamin Franklin, faces a Communist investigator of a "Posthumous Committee for Revolutionary Activities," and spells out the differences between Jeffersonian and Soviet notions of revolution.

The two examples of "People Under Communism" were disappointingly conventional in their drama devices and style but distinguished by their scholarship. The Canadian "Ways of Mankind" broadcast—devoted to recitals of the Lord's Prayer in English before and after the Norman conquest—broke no new ground but had several passages of interest and taste. The NAEB productions, naturally, will vary in quality, but at last we have in America the beginnings of broadcast production permanently free from the debilitating exigencies which hound the networks' torturous struggle with culture. We are no longer transcription colonies of the BBC; the time has come to show what we can do.

Obviously, space does not permit a detailed evaluation of the full range of the role of the foundation in radio-TV. The commercial network end of the Ford Foundation's activity, the TV-Radio Workshop, under Robert Saudek's direction, has largely been marking time while wrestling with that most difficult assignment—how to be class and mass at the same pulse. Early in November, however, it will unwrap its solution, "Omnibus," a weekly ninety-minute series with Alistair Cooke as master of ceremonies.

Under William Hodapp's direction, the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation's "American Inventory" series (NBC-TV) has been undergoing some welcome experimentation and search for new capital in ideas, and the coming season will observe the change. The Twentieth Century Fund has allocated small sums for educational TV packages on economics.

On the record to date it is Ford, however, that has made the big push in adult education via radio and TV. And of that push, the exploration, the willingness to speak, as the NAEB puts it, to "thinking Americans," has been in the educational field. Much could be said about some of the weaknesses of the foundation's approach to radio and TV, its still fragmentary nature, its apparent lack of a total, courageous vision of the possibilities of the media. There has been internecine strife between the commercial and educational arms; and open to strong dissent is the foundation's avowed policy of "seeking out, encouraging, and extending suitable existing activities wherever possible and bringing into being new activities only where necessary." Existing activities are often more suitable to their own interests and ambitions rather than to long-range educational aims.

In this respect, the record is unequivocally clear: remove the Fund for Adult Education from the present radio-TV structure, and with one blow you remove the only current, affirmative hope for improving the cultural tone of this widely influential American medium.

Take Dawn

By Hannah Kahn

TAKE night in your hands like a bowl
feel it round and smooth to your touch
though dark and thick to your sight . . .
better take light.

Take day in your hands like a scarf
feel it flow with the wind . . . let the sun
mute the colors until they are gone . . .
better take dawn.

Take dawn in your mind like a glass
feel it turn showing sparkle and shade
diminishing what had been dark
and made you afraid.

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EDUCATION 1952-53: A NEWSCAST

(*Continued from page* 16)

project, begun at Teachers College, Columbia University, test cities and test high schools send pupils into community projects to combine textbook learning, source material reading, and practical field work.

The controversy over such "progressive" ideas as the core curriculum —cutting through the dividing line of various subjects and pulling the subject matter together according to content rather than department labels— continues. But the increasing use of the core curriculum—consciously or as a natural trend—also goes on.

▶ In higher education—aside from the fact that no solution has yet been found for the satisfactory financing of the liberal arts college—the big news was passage of a new G.I. Bill of Rights. Independent colleges thought the bill somewhat stacked against them, in favor of low-cost schools and state universities. Under the new plan no payments are made to the school; both tuition and subsistence go straight to the veteran. The total amounts, too, are somewhat less generous than under the old bill.

But Representative Olin E. Teague, (D., Texas), had investigated the abuses of the old bill and wrote the new one mainly with a view toward eliminating these abuses in the future. It was probably the best bill that could be passed at this time. Its passage ends the unfair disadvantage of men who have served in the armed forces since the beginning of hostilities in Korea. The first trickle of new student-veterans will enter the schools this fall, but the real influx will come later—probably in the spring.

▶ Draft deferments for college students continue. The deferment test has turned up interesting information: (1) The highly rated New England area has been somewhat too highly rated in the academic line-up: it is only good average, while the West Coast region has come up rapidly. (2) Engineers and scientists showed up somewhat better in the test than their liberal arts colleagues; education majors did poorly.

▶ Engineers and scientists not only proved smart; they also were scarce. The graduating class of less than 30,000 was snapped up before it could get off the campus. Recruiting scouts for industry fell over each other, had to be restricted on some campuses to let the work go on. But for a few more years—through 1954—the alarming down-trend in engineering and science graduates will continue.

Fortunately this year's freshman engineering classes will be larger than last year's. The results will be favorably felt in 1955 and 1956. Meanwhile the nation will have to struggle along with the available "supply," make the best use of its manpower. The Army has just announced that it will streamline its placement procedure of highly educated draftees, cut their basic training in half, get the men into more useful work than kitchen police and forced marches as quickly as possible.

▶ In adult education—largely with the help of the Ford Foundation—great strides are being made. Twelve medium-sized, geographically scattered "test cities" are trying to discover ways of coordinating and expanding adult education. What these twelve "laboratories" and observation posts turn out will provide hints and guides for other communities.

The Foundation takes the broad and long view of the real purposes of adult education. "What is incontestably urgent," it said, "must never blot out what is permanently important."

▶ Television has opened new horizons. Local universities have increasingly offered education—ranging from "how-to-do-it" courses to regular academic work. At Western Reserve University regular degree courses—with on-campus registration and examination, but living-room TV instruction—are by now well established. Enrollment has steadily increased.

With the setting aside of TV channels for educational purposes a new phase of education may be about to begin. The framework is ready. Education will have to provide the vision and the skill to use it. But there have been scattered examples of good education telecasting, and it is entirely likely that something really new is in the making.

▶ In the groping for money new ideas have also been pitched against an old problem. In higher education there are hopeful signs that corporation money may become available to support, not only the atomic and engineering experiment in the great university laboratories, but the less spectacular yet basic (and struggling) liberal arts colleges.

▶ In public elementary and secondary education the great, good news continues to be the previously unheard-of, undreamed-of grass-roots interest. The National Citizens' Commission for the Public Schools this week reports it is working with 1,741 local communities across the country. This is a gain of about 150 groups in less than a year. The Commission began working with sixteen local groups three years ago.

As against the threat by Governor Byrnes that he will shut down South Carolina's public schools if the Supreme Court rules against segregation, the determination of most Americans to get or keep good public schools will probably come out the winner.

Such confidence may not be considered headline news, but, if proven justified, it could turn out to be the most important news of education in 1952-53.

". . . the great, good news continues to be the undreamed-of grass-roots interest."

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THE ROLE OF THE FOUNDATION

(*Continued from page* 13)

might cause many a raised eyebrow. What happened was simply this: Henry S. Prichett, who headed that division of the foundation, was glad to get applications from colleges which wanted to receive retirement benefits for their professors. He often replied with carefully documented but frankly worded criticism of a college's lack of honesty in enforcing admission standards, and other embarrassing matters. Although the foundation specifically excluded denominational colleges from sharing its funds, Mr. Prichett did not exempt these institutions from his cheerfully frank comments. He always made clear that if a college wanted to stop being narrowly denominational, there was no reason why its faculty couldn't get retirement help from the foundation.

The result of this was a lot of unseemly academic anger, but, also, many denominational colleges liberalized their policies. The foundation checked up on them carefully. One college was forbidden to require that "a majority of the faculty must be members of Protestant churches, but shall be so chosen that the members of no one church shall have a majority."

The Carnegie Foundation was as stern with state universities as it was with church colleges. A state university applying for affiliation with the Carnegie retirement plan for professors had to get the specific approval of its state legislature. State officials soon learned that this was more than an empty formality. Governors of several states were promptly advised by the Carnegie Foundation of the weaknesses and confusions in their local universities, and reforms were tactfully suggested which would make inclusion in the Carnegie retirement plan possible. The same whip was held over the heads of private, non-denominational colleges. Countless reforms resulted which the Carnegie Foundation didn't pay for, and which it avoided taking credit for. All the Carnegie Foundation did was offer pensions for professors.

Certainly no individual who ever lived could so have beared the administrators of church, state, and private universities and colleges in their dens, and gotten away with it. In theory, perhaps it's wrong to have such a *forceful* third force lambasting both private and public enterprises, but in practice it certainly was good for the public.

Another example of how a foundation can encourage government to do what it ought to do is the activity of the Rockefeller Foundation in the South. In the early 1900's there were hardly any public high schools in the Southern states. The Rockefeller Foundation made it possible for the state universities of twelve Southern states to hire and pay the traveling expenses of a "professor of secondary education." That certainly seems like a small enough measure to take, but according to a historical review published by the General Education Board, "the professor would not only teach, thereby stimulating students to enter upon careers, but would also undertake as his principal responsibility to work with local groups encouraging the establishment and maintenance of public high schools." To make it even more plain, the review continues candidly, "these evangelists of secondary education traveled widely, advising, exhorting, and convincing, until the opposition to public education was worn down and schools sprang up. One after another, obstacles were overcome. Legislative and constitutional changes were made so that proper school districts could be formed, taxes could be levied, and effective supervisory bodies could be created. During the first ten years a good beginning toward a system of public schools was made. Over 1,200 high schools were established and enrollments multiplied rapidly."

The propriety of sending what amounted to outright propagandists to the South could easily be questioned if the goal hadn't been so just, and the results so good. Government certainly couldn't have done that job, and neither could an individual. The 1,200 high schools were built with tax payers' dollars, but it is doubtful whether those high schools would have come along so soon without the foundations' traveling "professors of secondary education."

The two examples just given took place in the past; it is relatively safe to commend them now. The Ford Foundation is currently engaged in a comparable adventure which has not yet been sanctified by the years. This is the experiment in Arkansas for educating public school teachers.

FOR the benefit of the uninitiated, it must first be explained that the education of public school teachers has long been a far more controversial subject than religion or politics, some

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Pittsburgh 13, Pennsylvania

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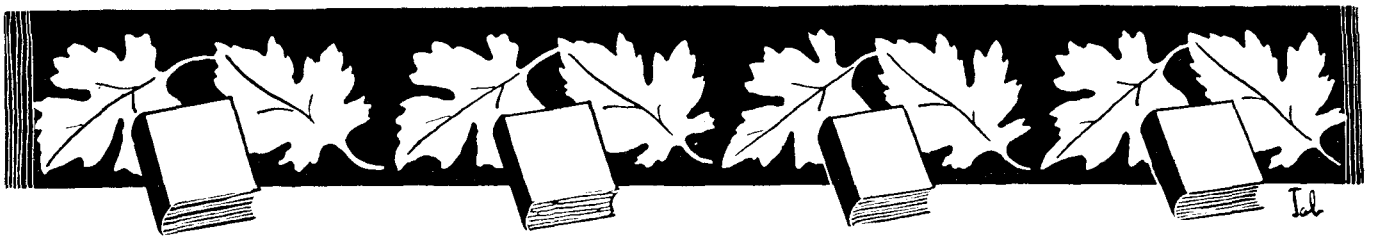

of the elements of both of which it contains. In brief, most public school people and the administrators of colleges specializing in the preparation of teachers believe that a prospective public school teacher should take a great many specialized courses in Education with a capital "E." Most private school people and the administrators of liberal arts colleges feel that student teachers should concentrate on getting a sound general education, a process which they feel would leave little time for the study of Education as a science in itself. Extremists in both camps are fond of vilifying their opponents, and the difference of opinion is spiced by the fact that it is almost impossible to prove what is the best way to educate a teacher. The layman who tries to study the matter is further confused to find that while each educator recommends a different procedure for educating teachers, most of them are quick to assure the outsider that there isn't really any major disagreement on the subject at all.

INTO this strange, hushed arena the administrators of the Ford Foundation have strolled with marvelous nonchalance. They had a plan for educating teachers, and offered to subsidize the teacher colleges in Arkansas if they would put it into effect. The nub of the plan was that the teacher colleges, which had been offering the usual mixture of specialized courses and general courses, would cut out all the specialized courses in Education during the first four years of the student teacher's studies, and add a fifth year of specialized work and "internship," during which the novice would actually work in the public schools with some pay.

This plan is now being put into effect in Arkansas. Its development is complicated by the fact that Arkansas licenses teachers with as little as two years of college preparation. It is planned that until September 1955 a prospective teacher in Arkansas may choose either the old plan or the new one, but that after September 1956, the new five-year program shall be obligatory.

At the moment, the Arkansas experiment is, of course, still in its early stages, and it is not easy to get much information on it, because the administrators concerned have a natural desire to be absolutely sure of their plans before publicizing them. The foundation is making available the money to meet the cost of the reorganization, the expense of general direction and supervision during the period of transition, and the salaries for the "interns" for several years, but eventually the state will assume all these burdens.

It is far too early to tell whether this experiment will be successful. Already it is the center of a storm of controversy. Many of the leaders of teacher colleges in other states feel that the Arkansas plan discredits specialized courses in Education. Many administrators of liberal arts colleges think it finally points to a way out of the old controversy about how teachers should be educated. Actually, the Arkansas plan is doing something much more creative than simply taking sides in an old argument. It is not saying that public school teachers need no more than an ordinary liberal arts course, and it is not saying that the old mishmash of technical courses during a student's early years of college are worth the time they take. The plan is an attempt to try something new. If it is successful, there is little doubt that it will be widely copied in other states. If it doesn't work out, it will at least have the value of any negative experiment, and will give the participants in the debate on teacher education a lot more to go on than they ever had before.

It may be pertinent to note that before the Arkansas experiment, government, in the person of the administrators of state teacher colleges and public school systems, and private enterprise, in the person of the administrators of liberal arts colleges and private schools, had pretty well lined up against each other in the field of teacher education, and not much progress was being made to iron out their differences of opinions. The Ford Foundation is actually operating here as a third force in a way that no government official.

Not all the efforts of the foundations these days are as controversial as the Arkansas experiment. The Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Ford Foundations jointly support the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, the basic purpose of which is simply to stir up more active and intelligent public interest in the schools. The Kellogg Foundation, in cooperation with the American Association of School Administrators, the National Education Association, and other groups, is carrying on a five-year program to improve methods of selecting and training school administrators. It is extremely doubtful that government or any private corporation or individual could underwrite either a long-range research and study project like the Kellogg effort to improve public school administration, or a high-level endeavor to increase public understanding of school problems. And the woefully-beset liberal arts colleges are receiving some aid, as for example that afforded by three small western Pennsylvania colleges by the Buhl Foundation of Pittsburgh.

In looking back over the work of the foundations over the past fifty years, it is obvious that there has been a consistent effort to spread their educational efforts beyond that relatively small segment of the population which goes to college. One of Carnegie's first projects is perhaps the most famous of all: the establishment of libraries in countless towns throughout the nation. Nowadays the Ford Foundation, with its Fund for Adult Education, is carrying these efforts a step further. Through the preparation of materials for group discussions, the fund encourages adults to take part in group discussions on everything from the Great Books to the causes of war. It also operates a TV-Radio workshop to develop educational programs, "and to demonstrate by example that higher standards of programs in radio and television may be not only widely attractive but also profitable to commercial sponsors." For this reason, the programs developed in the workshop are offered for commercial sponsorship. An example of one such program was the telecasting of the Sixth General Assembly of the United Nations in Paris last year. The proceedings were of course out of range of "live" telecasting, but the Workshop flew films daily to New York. These films were shown on some forty-seven television stations.

These are, of course, only a few arbitrarily chosen examples of the work foundations have done and are doing. It would be absurd to say that their record is perfect. Among the most vo-

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ciferous critics of the foundations have always been their own administrators. As far back as 1909, Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, a member of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Foundation, and president of Cornell University, was alarmed at the power the foundations exerted over colleges and universities. "Just in the proportion as these are supported by those benevolent corporations is their centre of gravity thrown outside themselves," he wrote. "It is no longer a case of a rich man giving his money and going his way (eventually dying) and leaving the university free to manage its affairs. The purse strings are now controlled by an immortal power, which makes it its business to investigate and supervise, and which lays down the conditions that the university must accept if it is to receive grants of money."

In 1949 Mr. Embree who, as has been said, was president of the Rosenwald Fund and vice president of the Rockefeller Foundation, wrote an article for *Harper's Magazine* which he entitled "Timid Billions." He accused the foundations of having confused and fearful policies. The diseases which affect them are traditionalism and self-preservation, he said, and added that their officers and trustees are so constantly appealed to and deferred to by applicants that they can scarcely avoid getting an exaggerated idea of their own importance, and becoming preoccupied with holding and enlarging their roles. From the beginning, when the help of the foundations was referred to as "tainted money" and actually turned down on that score in some instances, the foundations have been lambasted. It is entirely possible that as the present tax laws encourage more individuals and corporations to form new ones, the attacks will continue, even to the point of legislation to limit them further.

THERE is no doubt that government must watch the foundations, just as the foundations often spur branches of government onward. Yet, as Embree also said, if the experiments of the foundations do not come up to expectation, there is no social catastrophe, and if they succeed, their work is gratefully taken up by the state, or by the general public. It is remarkable that after fifty years of activities by the foundations, involving billions of dollars, it is impossible to find any example of willful misuse of their power. The mistakes they have made have involved nothing more serious than the wasting of relatively small amounts of money—and even those can be justified on the grounds that the foundations must be bold enough to take a chance, for if they played it safe all the time they would undoubtedly miss many of their best opportunities.

Today, with the addition of the Ford Foundation and many smaller ones to the field, the foundations have become much more than simple philanthropy. They are something new: a tremendous reservoir of power to be exercised for the public good, but administered privately. Because they exist by permission of the tax laws, they exist by permission of the people as much as by the will of those who establish them. They have chalked up an extraordinary record of unbiased public service, and there are reasons why it probably will continue to remain unbiased. The businessman and the politician always must have a mixture of motives, because they have a mixture of responsibilities. The businessman of today often has keen social consciousness, but he also must keep his business solvent. The politician has the responsibility to make long-range plans, but he also must think of the short-range opinion of the voters. The administrator of a foundation is not plagued by these complex, and sometimes opposing responsibilities. He has the sole responsibility of spending money for the maximum public good. He can afford to endure short-range criticism for long-range benefits. He can afford to play the long shots occasionally by backing projects which are doubtful, but which, if they could be made to work, would be of enormous public benefit. The only fear in the mind of the foundation administrator is that his long-range record will be bad, for if over a period of years the foundations did not justify themselves, the Government would be quick to turn off that faucet it is already fingering. It would probably take only one bad scandal, one example of questionable motive, and the foundations would find themselves hedged in with such a web of government restrictions that their most valuable qualities—their independence and their willingness to take a chance—would be gone.

But to date the record of the foundations has been surprisingly good. In fifty years they have gone a long way beyond simple philanthropies. They have become a kind of national conscience with a pocketbook, prodding both private and public agencies to serve the public better. They combine the initiative and independence of a private corporation with government's concern for all the people. An immoral power they may be, as the president of Cornell cantankerously called them, but they have certainly proved to be a benign one. If they did not exist, they would have to be invented.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE ZEE AROUND US

LAST week we took the rattler out of New York and lurched our way overnight to Montreal, there to board the *S.S. Maasdam,* newest ship of the N.V. Nederlandsch-Amerikaansche Stoomvaart-Maatschappij, also known as the Holland-America Line.

The *Maasdam,* we hasten to explain, is not just another ocean liner, but rather the second edition of a daring and successful experiment begun with the arrival here about this time last year of the *S.S. Ryndam,* a ship which provides more than 90 per cent of its cabins and its deck space to Tourist-Class passengers. The *Maasdam,* an improvement over the *Ryndam,* follows the same scheme, with 842 of its 881 berths set aside for that former untouchable of the Atlantic, the Tourist-Class passenger. The other thirty-nine bunks are more elegantly outfitted and occupy a penthouse section on the boat deck. Each has a private bath, and its passengers dine in private elegance together in a small, carpeted salon and bend their elbows in a private lounge up forward, just underneath the bridge.

We found ourselves assigned to Cabin 203 in Tourist Class, a cheerful compartment on the Main Deck with two beds and a disappearing upper berth and a porthole giving out to sea, or at that moment to the dockside in Montreal. The cabin also contained a full closet, a pair of storage bins, stowing space under the beds for hand luggage, a washstand and medicine chest, full-length mirror, combination make-up table and desk and two chairs. The baths are directly across the hall. In the summer season Number 203 will be ferrying tourists between Manhattan and Southampton at $185 each, three in the room. The rest of the year the berths will cost $197.50 each if there are two passengers, $172.50 if there are three. There are other Tourist Class cabins, perhaps smaller and without immediate optical liaison with the sea that begin at $160.

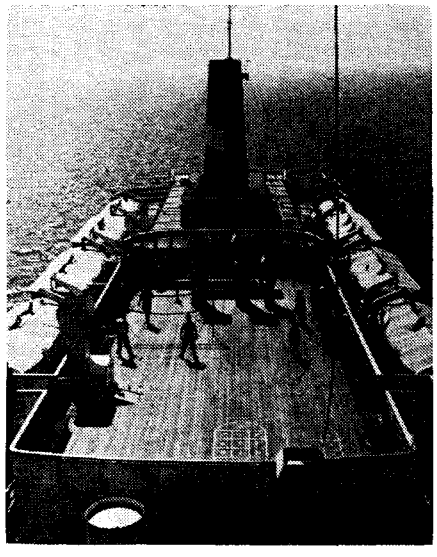
With some 300 members of the press, travel agents, freight shippers, shipping executives of rival lines, and a pair of admirals of the U.S. Navy aboard, the *Maasdam* edged away from the Montreal dockside near noon of a late August Saturday and headed down the St. Lawrence. It was a route that the *Maasdam,* or any other passenger liner, would not soon again follow. The new ship had sailed on its maiden westbound voyage directly to Montreal as a gesture of friendship to Canada, which has lately been supplying a considerable amount of Holland-America Line business. Now she would roll down the river, head across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, slip past Cape Breton Island, run down the coast of Nova Scotia, cut through the Cape Cod canal, and show herself to New York Harbor four days later.

By Saturday afternoon we were past Trois Rivières, about midway between Montreal and Quebec. The villages of French Canada slid past the rail, each marked by a great pile of logs, and a church, the steeple and slanted roof glinting silver even in the gray weather. The lowlands of the river valley, sliced into fertile green strips by the waterway, must have stirred deep and homesick thoughts in the breasts of the 240 Dutch crew members whose duties or curiosity led them to a railward look.

Dinnertime and Quebec City arrived virtually together. A great white electric cross gleamed out of a portside porthole. Then, somewhere between the Corton Charlemagne 1947 and the Château Palmer 1943, the Château Frontenac appeared, on the opposite shore, an immense displaced skyscraper dancing with lighted windows, high up there on the bluff.

SUNDAY we rounded the top of the Gaspé, a series of recurrent whalebacks glowering through the smokescreen of a fog. Gulls followed us with the tenacity of Arab beggar boys meeting the airlines bus in Algiers. A sandpiper took refuge with us on the Prom Deck, looked in at the mortals dancing in the Palm Court, a tropical expanse set with rattan chairs and rubber plants and sansevieria.

The weather broke clear and bright next morning. The ship ran the Nova Scotia coast. The Americans lay back in deck chairs coaxing a sunburn. The Dutch came out in long, nubby bathrobes, bared themselves to the chill Canadian wind, and jumped into the open air, all-class swimming pool, where they made noises like seals. A Canadian corvette followed by a Canadian submarine hove to off the starboard rail to provide a conversation piece for dinner. Sunlight streamed into the Palm Court, which became for some fleeting moments a continental cafe on the Rokim. Waiters played cymbals with the teacups. A soft



Drink, merriment, and comfort aboard the *Maasdam*—"warmth, camaraderie, and delusions."

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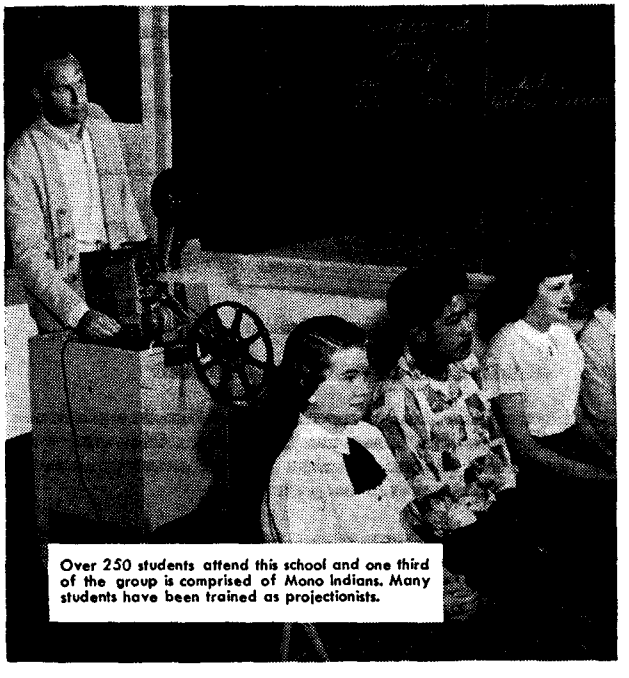
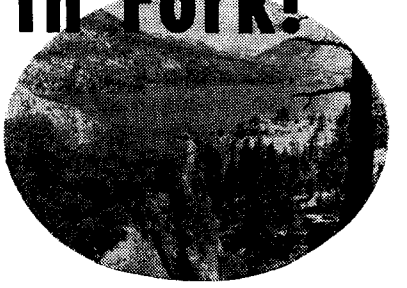
They can't afford projector trouble at North Fork!

Mr. J. A. Thomason (L) and Mr. Norman Gould with the Kodascope Pageant Sound Projector used in North Fork (Calif.) Union Elementary School.



Over 250 students attend this school and one third of the group is comprised of Mono Indians. Many students have been trained as projectionists.



Because of its remote location, the school district at North Fork, California, can't risk a sound projector breakdown. The district covers a half million acres in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and, although Fresno is only 45 miles away, many of these miles are vertical.

To the people of North Fork, sound movies mean a lot more than an Audio-Visual teaching aid. They are a source of community education and entertainment. They are used by the Boy Scouts, Brownies, 4H Club, and other community groups.

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a motion picture by putting an eye as keen as possible to your subject and letting this subject come through this eye to the screen, how would you go about it? The first thing of importance would be to realize that it is not you who are making the picture; you are only an instrument using a keener instrument (the camera) with its many keener eyes (lenses) to do the actual work. You are a means to let the camera act. If this sounds exaggerated and far-fetched to you, to me it doesn't. For to make the camera act is your aim. When it does act it gives you again the *sensation of delight* that Miss Barry speaks about. And if you don't get that sensation from the screen, from your rushes, then you know you have failed—you have somehow failed to use the full powers of the camera. What you do then is try again.

The sequence in "Man of Aran" where Tiger King (The Man) breaking up stone, and Maggie bringing up seaweed, are making their garden, we shot three times right through in three different locations—and threw the stuff away, let the sequence "rest," went on with the film until finally we had to face this sequence again, without much expectation, however, of bettering it. This time luck was with us, or something. I can't tell you what it was—the light that day? the background? the camera stance? or the particular way the figures moved and were related to each other and the landscape? Anyway, there it was at last on the screen, perfectly obvious but perfectly mysterious at the same time.

From this you will see that Bob made his pictures on the screen, in projection. Shooting was exciting, but always in anticipation of projection—to see what he had got. He could hardly shoot again, at least not the same scene, until he had seen what he already had—his rushes. These rushes would be his cue for the next shooting. Anything good about them gave him an idea what to pursue further; anything bad, what to avoid. So projecting became a sort of continuous process of creative evolution by trial and error. At last a time comes when the picture begins making itself on the screen, begins growing of its own life. When this time comes you can really begin to breathe. Bob always expressed it by saying he "had his arms around it"—it couldn't escape him now.

I wish I could convey the deep excitement of making pictures this way—the seemingly hopeless bafflement, and then the breaking of the light, one could never tell when or how or even why—the intuitive way, taking quite a lot of faith to follow, considerable inner conviction. Bob was anything but a mystic. He just did the way he felt without thinking practically at all about it.

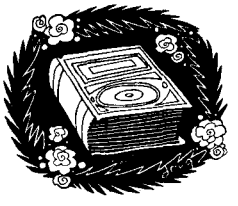
THE accepted way, the recognized procedure of going about making a motion picture is first to write or find a story, then to turn the story into a shooting script, and then only is one ready to begin—in most cases with the job of bringing what is in the script to the camera to be exactly shot as written. In this way you begin by thinking—by writing and arranging, by preconceiving as far as possible the story, the script, etc.

In Bob's way if you preconceive you are lost, you will have a very bad time, because you will have to go through the painful process first, before you are ready to begin at all, of erasing every preconception from your mind—letting all thoughts of your own go in order to let what will come in. We had to go through this process in Samoa, our first film of a subject we did not already know. We went down there with our civilized, or anyway Western, ideas of what life is all about—mostly fights about something. And we found that our idea did not fit South Sea life in the least. For months we tried to make it fit, until at last we had to give up and either admit ourselves beaten, defeated, or very humbly set about wiping our minds clean, so to speak, so that, like an unexposed film it would be sensitive to take up the actual impressions around us. Only then did we begin to get something—to get that discovery, revelation, that "delight."

So these two ways are actually irreconcilable. Bob's way, though quite clearly understood by many who have written about him, is not recognized as a way to make pictures, but only as Bob's own peculiar way deriving from his special gifts and faculties. What I wish to say is that this is not so, that Bob's way is, on the contrary, one that anyone can follow. That the necessary faculties to do so can be deliberately sought and acquired—acquired, like anything else, through practice. The way is actually so very, very simple—as I have tried to show. At the same time admittedly it is a hard discipline. As experience it is infinitely rewarding.

Bob used to say, jestingly with reference to Hollywood, that he had come into films "by the back door." Back door or not, it seems to me that it was an opening to a main thoroughfare which even if it be the "straight and narrow path" of truth and reality, is one that keeps on and on to ever new and more tremendous, more tremendously important horizons. Bob had a vision. But also—he left us a way.

—FRANCES FLAHERTY.



Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MAUGHAM MERRY-GO-ROUND

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, presents a narrative in which are embedded fifty titles found in the works of Somerset Maugham. Allowing two points for each title you can extricate, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 54.

Liza of Lambeth, a friend in need to creatures of circumstance, sat under the casuarina tree in the rain. The trembling of a leaf would start her thinking about the facts of life. She had learned much of human bondage, having been the breadwinner for cosmopolitans such as the unknown Mrs. Dot, Lady Frederick and Penelope. She had always paid for services rendered to any of them out of the treasure she earned in the theatre. Every day at the hour before the dawn she would be up at the villa feeding them cake and ale. Then she would join them in partaking of the mixture as before from the vessel of wrath. She was as beautiful as a picture on a Chinese screen or a Japanese fan.

The hero of Liza's life was Don Fernando, the explorer. He belonged to the landed gentry and had been a British agent in both the east and west. The door of opportunity would not open for him and he never saw the land of promise, so feeling discouraged he became the opium addict at Catalina. He was a man of honour then, and now he is little better than Mr. Know-all who speaks in the first person singular.

During the Christmas holiday Liza went to see Don at the outstation, arriving by the light of the moon. And sixpence was all she had to pay for a string of beads which were mentioned in the letter from the tenth man beside the sacred flame at Andalusia.

The summing up revealed that the making of a saint requires more than the painted veil. Liza found that we must forget the human element and look to our betters. And was her face red!

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AN EDUCATOR'S BALANCE-SHEET

(*Continued from page 12*)

man. I will back in any intellectual competition the lad who is passionately interested against one who is there because of fear—even the fear of failure. This is one of the few positive convictions which I acquired during my years of teaching. Mr. Dooley in his discussion with Mr. Hennessey on the education of the young, quoted Father Kelly as saying, "I don't care what ye larn thim so long as 'tis onpleasant to thim." To me this is just as shocking as the more familiar "spare the rod and spoil the child"—and just as out of date. Not without physical revulsion have I stood by while certain teachers of my acquaintance undertook to pound first-year Latin into the skulls of lads whose resistance was as instinctive as it was stubborn. All that was accomplished was the creation of a bitter, lifelong hatred of the subject.

The sorting out of people on the basic criterion of intellectual ability or native aptitude is relatively a modern conception. The theories originated by Binet and Simon were put into large-scale practical operation in this country during World War I, where I watched the first crude experiments. The Army never went further than making a very superficial appraisal of a soldier's potentialities. Later, however, when the movement had spread into the schools, a tendency developed among teachers to accept the I.Q. as an almost absolute measure of a boy's mental endowment. When once the fatal score was recorded on a card, the poor fellow was labeled for the remainder of his course, if not for life. It has been like blood pressure, about which so much that is ridiculous has been said by half-baked physicians. Nowadays the specialist knows that blood pressure may be the consequence of various factors, some of them negligible, and that to condemn a patient to an early demise solely because of his record on the sphygmomanometer is often to commit a colossal blunder. Although aptitude tests are constantly improved, they are still far from infallible. Shrewd teachers learn to spot a moron in the offing; indeed, one wise headmaster once remarked, "I don't need to give any examinations to prove I'm dealing with a damned fool!" Nevertheless, aptitude tests have been useful as a means of ascertaining what may be expected of a candidate for admission to school or college. As a basis for predicting future success, they still have their shortcomings.

THERE are so many factors which as yet cannot be accuratey measured. How is a researcher to determine the relative importance of interest, already mentioned? Physical deficiencies and emotional disturbances must be considered. The vagaries of the human will cannot be ignored. The whole question of motivation needs further exploration. At one period, even a modest trial of practical psychiatry was viewed with suspicion by many otherwise reasonable men. I recall how Horace Taft, dear old conservative that he was, used to poke fun at the psychologists. Once at the Headmasters' Association, a spokesman for Teachers' College, generally regarded in those days as a Home for Foolish Causes, read a paper which bristled with exotic nomenclature and technical jargon. When it was over, one of the muscular Christians in our midst rose, smote his chest, and orated, "Mr. President, this is one of the most erudite articles I have ever listened to, and I move you, sir, that it be published at the expense of this association!" That body was in its habitual state of impecuniosity. Furthermore, it was not its practice to authorize the printing of papers read before it. For these and other reasons, audible moans of protest came from the audience; and Uncle Horace, sitting by my side, leaned over and ejaculated, "Why is it, Jack, that when one damned fool reads the most absurd paper I ever heard, some other damned fool has to move that it be published?"

Psychiatrists would be the first to admit that theirs is not by any means an exact science. Nevertheless, one of the outstanding achievements of the last half century has been the more thorough examination, in schools, of the individual student. The Phillips Academy to which I came in 1908 was rather proud of its ruthlessness. Although admission was deceptively easy, standards were intentionally kept high. If a boy failed in his studies, little effort was made to ascertain why he was flunking. The fact was enough—and out he went! The situation is, of course, very different now. While the mesmeric slogan "Individual Attention" is too glibly used today by certain schools trying to attract patrons and I am always a bit cynical when I come across it in italics in a

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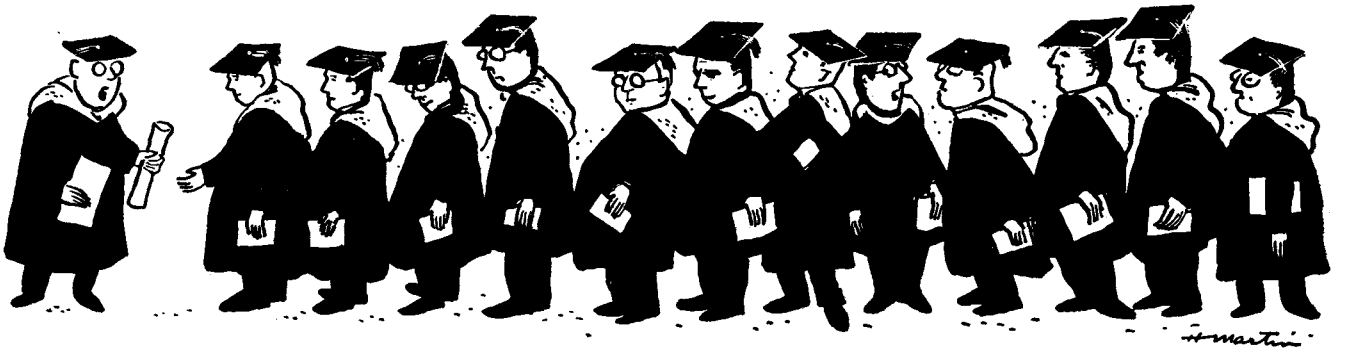

catalogue, I am sure that it connotes an approach which is highly important.

Compare what happens now with what happened fifty years ago. In 1952, when a candidate is admitted to a good independent school, we secure the fullest possible information regarding his family background and inheritance; we insist on prompt and complete physical examinations; we detect at an early date signs of deafness, of poor eyesight, and of various bodily weaknesses; we are on the watch for emotional blocks, childish inhibitions and frustrations, and delayed adolescence; we know what harm can result from unhappy conditions at home. How can a boy of sixteen concentrate on his books when he knows that his mother is in Reno getting a divorce? How can he win A's when he cannot hear what the instructor is saying? The advent of the guidance officer, under whatever title he is called, is one of the striking phenomena of our times. The chapel and the infirmary have become adjuncts of the classroom.

Some skeptics feel that we have pushed a theory too far. But in spite of complaints in some quarters that education is growing "soft," I feel that we have not gone far enough. Having seen the miracles which can be accomplished in remedial courses, I know how rich the salvage can be. Many mysteries are still to be explained and dark corners of the human mind and heart must be illuminated. The more a physician knows of his patient's history and reactions, the more reliable will be his diagnosis and the more efficacious his drugs. The relation of teacher to pupil is analogous. It is the business of some expert to find out what kind of material is entering the school and give what prescriptions are needed. We have learned that by merely "firing" a troublesome customer, the problem is not solved. Somebody, somewhere, should or must do what the institution has failed to do.

Pampering must, of course, be avoided. On every campus will be found the lazy loafers, the show-offs, and the spoiled brats—usually the flabby inheritors of special privilege—who need a literal as well as a figurative kick in the pants. The psychiatrist who spends his time prowling about in quest of possible victims can be a menace, as I have some reason to know. But educational psychologists, though they have been criticized, have made their constructive contribution to pedagogy, and the schools are better administered because of them.

ALL this leads naturally to a weighing of the part played by the so-called "Progressives." In April 1933 I published in *Current History* an article entitled "The Promise of Progressive Education." This was just after I had become acting headmaster of Phillips Academy, but my investigations on the subject had been carried on during the preceding autumn, when I visited several "progressive schools" and read rather widely what the leaders had to say. The Lincoln School, probably the earliest organized protest against traditional practices in education, was established in 1917, by a subsidy from the General Education Board; and by 1933 the Progressive Education Association had more than 7,000 members and had for a decade published its own magazine, called *Progressive Education*. I did not doubt then, nor do I now, that the movement was a badly needed and useful crusade, particularly when it advocated, in the words of Dean Henry W. Holmes, "a substitution as far as possible of interest, enjoyment in work, and a sense of the real value of study for all ulterior motives and rewards and punishments." The Progressives at their sanest only reaffirmed the creed of the great Edward Thring, headmaster of Uppingham School in England, when he said, "The primary object of education is to call out thought, not to load the memory—to strengthen the mind and give it versatile power—not to crush it under an accumulation of undigested facts." They insisted that the educational process need not necessarily be repellent. Jacques Barzun recently pointed out that, at the close of a thoughtful life, William James believed he had found what philosophers most wanted—it was praise! And American boys—who are certainly not all philosophers—want the same thing, or at least the opportunity to earn and deserve it. All education today has profited by the evangelism of the pioneer Progressives. Because of them the techniques of teachers everywhere have changed, and usually for the better.

Progressive education, however, has been in my judgment more successful with preadolescents than with boys and girls beyond the age of fourteen. I suppose that everybody, no matter how young or how old, is the better in character for being obliged once in a while to carry through a task which he may not like, or may even loathe. Former pupils in pro-

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Liza of Lambeth." 2. "A Friend in Need." 3. "Creatures of Circumstance." 4. "The Casuarina Tree." 5. "Rain." 6. "The Trembling of a Leaf." 7. "The Facts of Life." 8. "Of Human Bondage." 9. "The Breadwinner." 10. "Cosmopolitans." 11. "The Unknown Mrs. Dot." 12. "Lady Frederick." 13. "Penelope." 14. "For Services Rendered." 15. "The Treasure." 16. "Theatre." 17. "The Hour Before the Dawn." 18. "Up at the Villa." 19. "Cakes and Ale." 20. "The Mixture as Before." 21. "The Vessel of Wrath." 22. "On a Chinese Screen." 23. "The Hero." 24. "Don Fernando." 25. "The Explorer." 26. "Landed Gentry." 27. "British Agent." 28. "East and West." 29. "The Door of Opportunity." 30. "The Land of Promise." 31. "The Opium Addict." 32. "Catalina." 33. "A Man of Honour." 34. "Then and Now." 35. "Mr. Know-All." 36. "First Person Singular." 37. "Christmas Holiday." 38. "The Outstation." 39. "The Moon and Sixpence." 40. "A String of Beads." 41. "The Letter." 42. "The Tenth Man." 43. "The Sacred Flame." 44. "Andalusia." 45. "The Summing Up." 46. "The Making of a Saint." 47. "The Painted Veil." 48. "The Human Element." 49. "Our Betters." 50. "Red." Also "Merry-Go-Round" in the title.

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gressive schools have explained to me rather apologetically that they were so much entertained that they made little effort to correlate, themselves, what they had learned. The progressive movement unquestionably attracted a group of fanatics who by their wild utterances threw the more intelligent leaders into disrepute, as if they were guilty by association. It has been responsible for much loose talk, some preposterous ideas, and not a little sheer quackery. But it must be granted that its philosophy has profoundly affected secondary education. Unconsciously, even unwillingly, the conservatives have accepted some of the fundamental principles of the progressive doctrine, just as the Republicans have accepted several of the fundamental principles of the once despised Populist party of the 1890's. The chief reason why progressive education is so silent in 1952 is because its critics have taken over the best it had to offer.

Progressive education has been very influential in its recognition of the fine arts. The Andover of 1908, like its rival schools, was scornful of "fads and frills," such as painting and music. The art consisted chiefly of carvings on the ancient desks—including the familiar hearts pierced with arrows and the crude delineations of female charms. The music emanated from the improvised glee club harmonizing such melodies as "I've Been Working on the Railroad" and "Sweet Adeline." Now, nearly every independent school has its own departments of art and music, suited to its size and budget, and several of the art galleries, like the one at Andover, are of major importance. The annual group of singing sponsored each spring by several New England schools in Boston's Symphony Hall is almost professional in quality. I am sure that thousands of boys and girls find today the most satisfying outlet for their emotions and aspirations through the channels of the fine arts.

As a corollary, participation in these pleasing activities is no longer regarded as the prerogative of sissies. One may see a muscular discus thrower posing for his mates in the art studio or the captain of the wrestling team playing the violin in the orchestra. Undergraduates boast of their collections of phonograph records, read the RECORDINGS section of *The Saturday Review*, and obviously enjoy listening to a sonata or a symphony. I do not deny that much of the evidence as we see it in the Museum of Modern Art or listen to it from the juke boxes in Howard Johnson's restaurants rather justifies Mr. Eliot in his pessimism. But the American schoolboy should not be blamed for these aberrations.

In comparing yesterday with today, older teachers tell me mournfully that the reading of their pupils has fallen off. Instructors cannot count now even on a knowledge of the exploits of David and Samson, to say nothing of Ivanhoe and Robinson Crusoe and Jim Hawkins. The fascination of the movies and radio, and more recently of television, has lured boys and girls away from books. Even upper-class families no longer possess libraries, and the young peoples' periodicals are much inferior to *The Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas* and others of their type which flourished in my childhood. The normal grammar school boy, forced to stay indoors on a rainy day, used to seek solace in the printed page. If his rugged tastes disdained the Rollo stories and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he might puruse adventure with those thrilling individualists, Diamond Dick or Frank Merriwell or Nick Carter; but at least he was forming a good habit. Some of my friends see no great harm in our more modern diversions. However, it is difficult to persuade a confirmed bibliophile that the old recreations were not, on the whole, more beneficial than the new. It was certainly better for a robust lad to get excited over "The Three Musketeers" or "The Master of Ballantrae" than to waste an evening watching female wrestlers or the slapstick comedy of the screen. My younger readers may charge this off to senile prejudice—and forget it!

The needs of military preparation have not operated steadily in recent years, but the schools have seldom been allowed to forget them. For boys who must expect to serve their country in the armed forces, mathematics and science seem indispensable. The ability to repeat the magical lines of the "Ode to a Nightingale," commendable though it may have been in the peaceful 1900's, is in wartime not so much needed as skill in mechanics or an understanding of atomic energy. This is the tragedy of our present younger generation—they must for their own preservation focus their minds on the instruments of destruction. This need did not exist fifty years ago, nor was it paramount until the Kaiser and Adolf Hitler started their mad careers and tore down the walls of our Western culture. Here practical considerations, including the matter of personal and national safety, have effected a new arrangement of values.

To turn once more to the credit side, perhaps the most significant and fruitful development of the last half century, in both public and independent schools, has been what might be called

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vaguely "training for citizenship." This begins naturally with sound instruction in American history and in the processes and purposes of government. This historical background is supplemented by frequent references to current problems, events, and personalities, with stress on debating and the discussion of live issues. Another aspect is the encouragement of community responsibility, granting as much self-government and freedom of decision as the maturity of the students will justify. The social conscience is aroused through charity drives, work in boys' clubs and camps, and active participation in philanthropic organizations. Through church and chapel and assembly as well as through talks by authorities in their respective fields the best schools try to bring their students into touch with the complicated society which they will soon join as workers, and it is to be hoped, as contributors.

Our newspapers, except for the always welcome *Christian Science Monitor,* assign large amounts of space to juvenile delinquency and teen-age gangsters and "hot-rod" adolescents. But even these menaces existed at the turn of the century, although their weapons and their methods may have been different. Vandals desecrated graveyards, hoodlums broke into schoolhouses, and the Andover and Exeter undergraduates burst out into occasional riots. I am inclined to think that in this respect the times are really better. My predecessor, Dr. Stearns, once rashly remarked in morning chapel that the boys of that period (the 1920's) were tamer than those of his own childhood in the 1880's. They had, he complained, lost their initiative, their imagination, their vitality. His words were received at the moment with exquisite courtesy. But within the next twenty-four hours more hell was raised on Andover Hill than had taken place within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Curbstones were shifted; signs were torn down; the skeleton was removed from the biological laboratory and suspended from a tree. The next morning Al, whose sense of humor never deserted him, stood up and said, "All right, boys, let's call it off! I take back my rash words. The present generation has vindicated itself—and now we'll go back to peace." There was prolonged applause, and the incident was closed.

IT is charged intermittently by superpatriots that the faculties and undergraduate bodies of our independent schools are "shot full of Communism," or "tinged with pink." I am not sure that I should recognize a Communist if I met one, although I have conversed with two or three who have been labeled as such by other people. We had on the Andover teaching staff several Democrats—which I know is very bad—even some who voted for FDR—which apparently is worse. I have even heard of some headmasters who don't like Senator McCarthy. But as I have watched teachers through two world wars, as I have listened to their talks in chapel, as I have heard them on the public platform, I doubt whether we have, even in the Senate of the United States, a more genuinely loyal group.

In a school not very far from Boston a real, live Communist was invited by an undergraduate organization to come and speak to them. He delivered his address with a good deal of noisy eloquence. Then the boys bombarded him with questions. They refuted his arguments, proved that he had misquoted his authorities, and sent him back discomfited, with the remark, "Those damned kids are just like a swarm of mosquitoes." That's the best way to deal with Communism, or indeed totalitarianism in any form. It cannot long stand up against the truth.

I am always troubled, on the other hand, when the undergraduates are too conservative, too much ruled by the politics of their middle-aged fathers. It is good for human beings to be liberal in their youth. I have never forgotten Robert Louis Stevenson's comment: "It is as natural and right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated, to live in swoops and circles, and beat about his cage like any other wild thing newly captured, as it is for old men to turn gray, or mothers to love their offspring, or heroes to die for something worthier than their lives." It would be no sign of progress if the boys of 1952 were staid and hidebound and unrebellious. Mental ossification before twenty is a paralyzing disease which no antibiotic can eradicate.

We oldsters must beware of forming the habit of complaining about the Younger Generation. The recent revival of the books of the late F. Scott Fitzgerald has recalled memories of the 1920's and of what Gertrude Stein called the Lost Generation, symbolized by the obnoxious John Held "flapper" and the coonskin-coated "Joe College." At the time they were denounced by moralists as degenerates. Where are they now? They have recently been celebrating their twenty-fifth reunion and contributing liberally to the college till. The "Prom Girls" of "This Side of Paradise" are now plump matrons in middle life, sending their children off to summer camp, doing their own work in their kitchens, and often teaching in Sunday School; and the former raucous flask-toters are now cheery members of Rotary Clubs and pass the collection plate in the First Presbyterian Church.

Obviously we haven't reached the millennium yet, nor is it even visible beyond the horizon. I wish that the

—Culver Service, from "All the Children."

". . . it is natural for a young man to live in swoops and circles, and beat about his cage."

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better independent schools could keep their tuition rates within the reach of professional people—the lawyers and doctors and clergymen and government officials who transmit such rich culture to their children. I wish that we could find a way to subsidize very promising boys and girls from poor families through preparatory school and college. I wish that parents would demonstrate by their own examples the manners and morals which they expect teachers to impress upon their offspring. I wish that all teachers were as self-sacrificing, and as stimulating, as some of them are. I wish, above all, that we could have a wider acceptance of the doctrine that the independent school is run primarily for the benefit of its pupils.

We shall reach these and other desirable objectives in due course, if we strive hard enough for them. Taking the long view, I just cannot be pessimistic. Many of my contemporaries in business or law or government have less hope than I do. They feel that one constructive era of human society may have reached its peak, and that we are entering with tragic inevitability and unawareness on another Dark Age. Having been so long surrounded by youthful minds and located in the midst of youthful vitality, I cannot share their gloom. Boys are, after all, impulsive, inexperienced animals, in need of guidance, although they may not admit it. It is the task of the teacher to find out what they are like, encourage their aspirations and implement their dreams, sympathize with their growing pains, and lead them on the slow path to maturity. The thoughtful teacher is bound to take a long-range view of man's gradual evolution from the brute.

Most "isms" are to be condemned but there are two—altrusim and optimism—for which I have a liking, and we could do with more of both. Even as we grope out of darkness, let us count our blessings. Gazing from my sexagenarian pinnacle, I can look back and perceive that, on the whole, American education is better than it was.

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 964

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

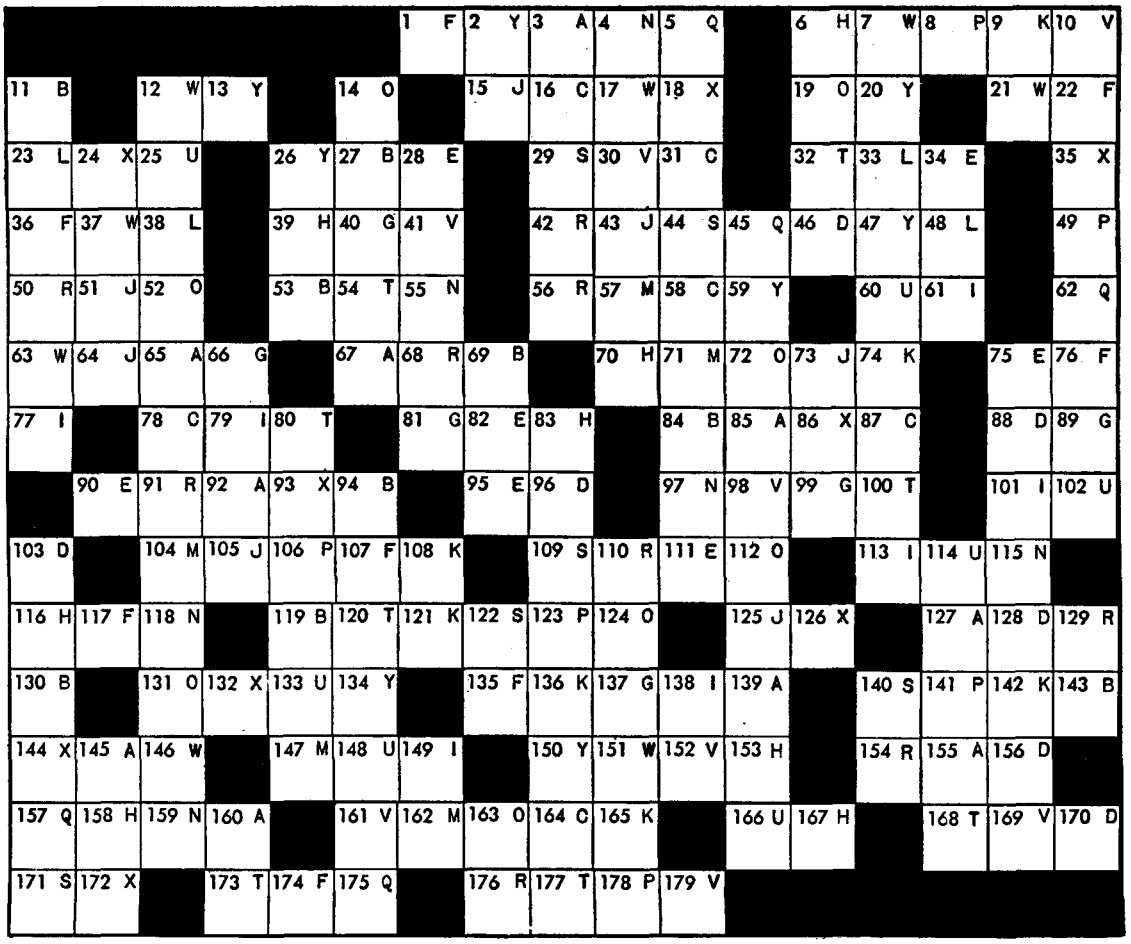
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Guide of Christian's wife and children to the Celestial City ("The Pilgrim's Progress").	3 145 139 92 127 155 160 85 65 67
B. The genesis of races.	69 130 84 94 27 11 119 143 53
C. Washing, esp. the washing out of an organ (med.).	164 16 58 78 31 87
D. Pertaining to the bones forming the walls and septum of the nasal cavity.	156 88 128 170 96 46 103
E. Pertaining to a certain kind of road pavement, not macadc.n.	95 111 90 75 82 28 34
F. Became established, as an opinion (2 wds.).	135 36 117 22 1 174 76 107
G. English poet and art historian (1869-1943).	137 99 40 81 89 66
H. Without premeditation.	83 116 39 153 158 70 6 167
I. Outside entrance to a cellar (New England).	77 61 79 138 113 101 149
J. English woman novelist (1810-65; "Cranford").	15 64 125 105 73 43 51
K. Gives (an estate) as an inalienable possession (law).	108 142 121 136 9 165 74
L. To sneak; pilfer (slang).	38 33 23 48
M. A smooth-faced pileless carpet from eastern Transcaucasia.	104 71 147 57 162

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. In lambs and calves, one of the glands called sweetbread.	118 4 115 159 55 97
O. Reducing the purity of a metal by mixture with one less valuable.	14 52 72 19 131 163 112 124
P. A peninsula of the Philippines, taken by Japanese in 1942, retaken by the Americans in '45.	49 178 8 106 141 123
Q. Full of life and vigor.	62 175 157 5 45
R. Aramaic word Christ spoke to the deaf-mute, "Be opened," easily lip-read (Bib.)	91 42 68 176 56 50 154 110 129
S. One of the ladies in "Cranford."	140 44 29 109 122 171
T. Cross-fertilization (bot.).	32 80 177 54 168 120 100 173
U. Language of the Aztecs.	102 166 114 133 148 60 25
V. The present time.	10 152 98 30 41 169 179 161
W. Stress.	63 17 37 151 7 21 12 146
X. President of U.S. when Panama Canal was begun.	93 126 132 172 18 86 144 24 35
Y. Those who inhale audibly through the nose.	13 47 2 20 26 59 134 150

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 57 of this issue.

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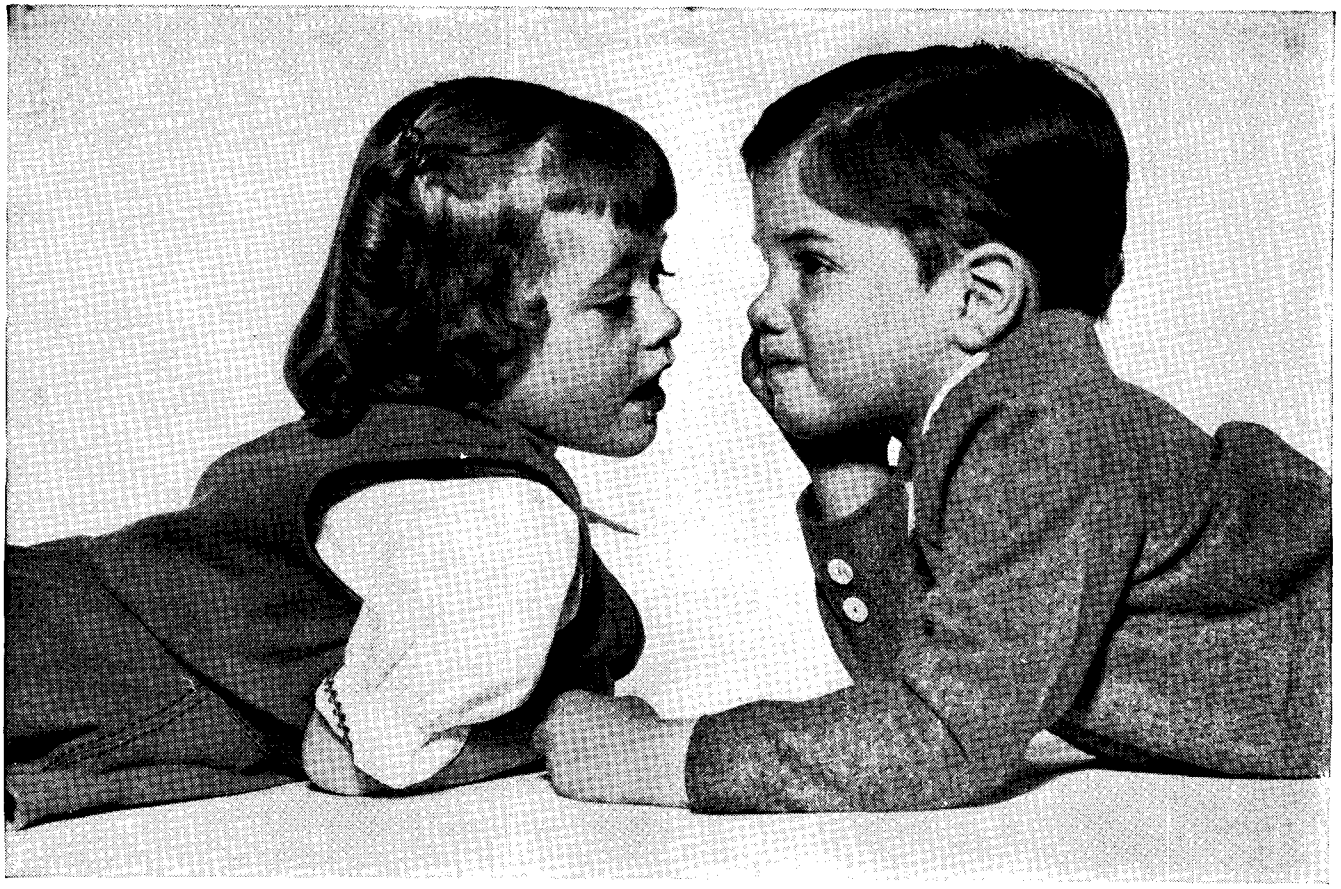

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